

LYRIC REPOSITORY.

A Collection of
ORIGINAL, ANCIENT, & MODERN

Songs, Duets, Catches, Glees & Cantatas

Selected for their
POETICAL and LITERARY Merit.



— *Quondam citharâ tacentem*
Suscitat Musam, neque semper arcum
Tendit Apollo. Hor.

— *Huc undique Giza*
Congeritur. — Virg.

London. Printed for J. French, N.º 164, Fenchurch Street.

1787.

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THE
 LYRIC REPOSITORY:
 A SELECTION OF
 ORIGINAL, ANCIENT, and MODERN,
Songs, Duets, Catches, GleeS, and Cantatas,
 DISTINGUISHED FOR
 POETICAL AND LITERARY MERIT;
 Many of which are Written by

DR. JOHNSON,
 PETER PINDAR, ESQ.
 R. B. SHERIDAN, ESQ.
 MR. WARTON,
 MR. COWPER,
 W. HAYLEY, ESQ.

LORD LYTTELTON,
 GEN. BURGOYNE,
 G. KEATE, ESQ.
 MISS SMITH,
 MRS. COWLEY, AND OTHER
 EMINENT WRITERS.

The Whole ACCURATELY ARRANGED,
 T O
 Form the most ELEGANT and CLASSICAL COLLECTION
 ever published.

VOL. I.

- - - Quondam citharâ tacentem
 Sufcitat Musam, neque semper arcum
 Tendit Apollo.

Hor.

- - - Huc undique Gaza
 Congeritur.

Virg.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

1788.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Editor is unwilling to suffer this selection to go into the World, without some apology for its defects ; of which, when the reader considers the variety of pieces introduced into these two volume, he trusts the number will be found comparatively small.

Indeed the candid critic will admit the difficulty of pleasing every admirer of this part of rational amusement : for poetry may justly be compared to a luxuriant field of blossoms ; where the observer may delight himself, and gather a bouquet, whose vivid tints, in his opinion, can never fade ; but he cannot expect to plant a garden of the beauties of nature for others, where the wild-flower or the weed will not casually intrude.

That every poetical collection must, in a degree, be imperfect, is recently evinced by the untaught efforts of Ann Yearley, and Robert Burns, to obtain the Lyric wreath. Every short period supplies expectation with the brilliant poetic effusions of Mr. Hayley or Miss Seward ; and as almost every new day discovers a new expansion of genius, there must still remain some buds

and flowers for the florist to protect from the withering blast of Time, and the chilling winter of Oblivion. Relying therefore on forgiveness for its faults, the Editor resigns this compilation to the candour of the public. It may perhaps be deemed vanity for him, in a publication like the present, to imitate Mr. Pope by complaining of the dull duty of an editor; yet it is but truth to assert, that some excellent originals, and many pieces he has preserved from obscurity, have cost him no common degree of pains.*

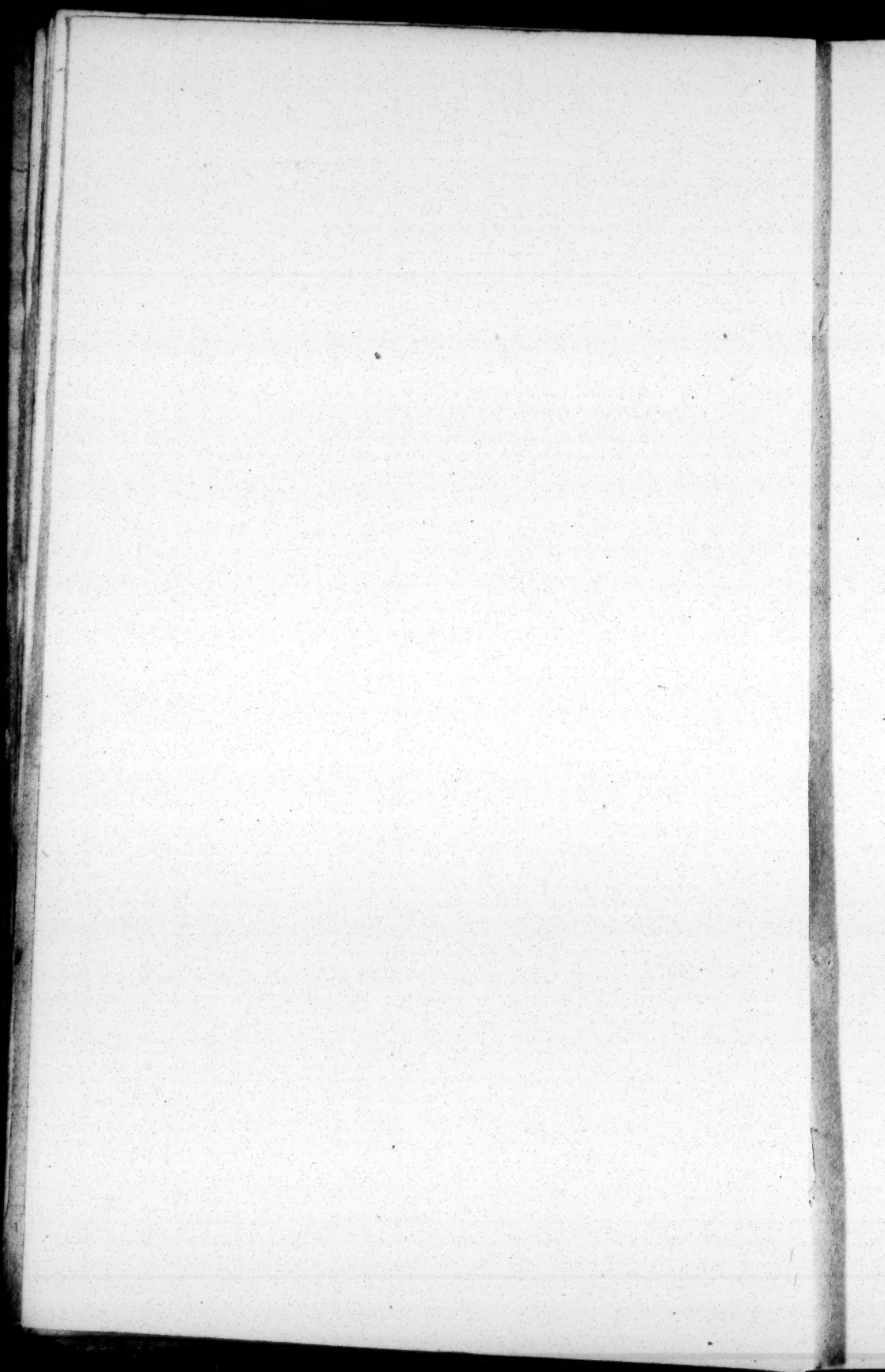
It is, therefore, respectfully presumed, that this Lyric Repository will long retain the esteem of the studious and the gay; and should not the Editor have entirely gratified the expectations formed by the votaries of Apollo, he has at least attempted what more leisure, and superior judgement, may incite others to improve.

* I have discharged the dull duty of an Editor to my best judgement, with more labour than I expect thanks.—

Pope's Preface to Shakespeare.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE various original compositions, with which the Publisher has been favoured, previously to the completion of this volume, require his most grateful thanks. It is with considerable regret, that any of the pieces conveyed to him have been rejected : but, he trusts, the Authors will perceive, on examining the different classes, that a similarity of idea, in some instances, and a disparity of excellence, in others, would not only have injured this publication, but have placed the performances themselves in a disadvantageous point of view. However, as he is proud to reflect, that the volume now submitted to the Public has been materially enriched by the manuscripts from some correspondents, and hints for its improvement from others, he solicits, therefore, with a respectful confidence, a continuance of their attention to the subsequent one ; by which he will happily be enabled to present his numerous Subscribers, and the Public, with the best poetical selection that has been published within the last twenty years.



I N T R O D U C T I O N .

THE mind is never more sensibly nor more pleasingly affected, than when sublime ideas, elegant language, and harmonious sounds, are happily united : This union is completely found in the best of those compositions, which are distinguished by the name of Songs.

When a voice, formed by Nature to please the ear, is employed in singing the words of a celebrated writer, we attend with silent admiration and inexpressible delight.

It must be confessed, that many productions, which bear the name of Songs, and have acquired some degree of reputation, are not distinguished by any peculiar appearances of genius ; being indebted, for public approbation, solely to the harmony of the music, to which they are sung. It is the design of the Editor to exclude pieces of this description from a publication, intended for the perusal of the classical Reader, and as an honour to our age and language : for, though it has been usual to introduce the most contemptible pieces on such occasions, yet there is no species of writing, which discovers more marks of real genius than this. The

INTRODUCTION.

finest effusions of fancy are seldom of long continuance ; and may more naturally be expected in those productions, which result from striking ideas, forcibly impressed on the Author's mind : while that languor, to which men of great talents are frequently subject, and which is usually found in poems of considerable length, is, by the shortness of the performance, prevented from making its appearance.

Among the ancients, this species of writing was in the highest estimation ; and some of the favourite productions of antiquity must be considered in this point of view. Poetry and music were, in the earlier ages, so intimately connected, that singing, rather than writing, is usually represented, as the pleasing employment of those, whom Nature and inclination prompted to devote their time and talents to the service of the Muses : and, as the spontaneous effusions of genius exceed the laboured productions of art, so the Odes of Horace discover a warmth of imagination and a brilliancy of fancy, surpassing not only the merit of his cotemporaries, but even the other works of that admirable poet.

In the present age, songs are frequently considered as adapted only to subjects of an inferior nature, and improper for the celebration of virtuous or heroic actions : We find, however, that the greatest master of lyric poetry just mentioned was far from excluding

INTRODUCTION.

the most exalted subjects from this province of writing.
This is evident from the following passage :

Quem virum aut heroa, lyra vel acri
Tibia, fumes celebrare, Clio?
Quem Deum?

The moderns, indeed, have considered the Ode as a composition of a superior kind ; but the forced imagery and pedantic ostentation of varied measure, with which many pieces of that description abound, evince, that a servile attempt to imitate the ancients, without the assistance of that noble enthusiasm which inspired them, must ever prove insipid or disgusting.

It is remarkable, that, from the negligence to which Authors of eminence are sometimes subject, some inaccuracies have appeared in several songs, whose merits entitled them to a place in the LYRIC REPOSITORY. The Editor has, with reluctance, ventured to introduce such occasional corrections as seemed absolutely necessary : and hopes he may not fall under public censure, for a licence but sparingly and cautiously taken.

The arrangement of the songs, in different classes, tends greatly to increase the pleasure of the Reader ; as he may gratify his peculiar disposition or present turn of mind, without the trouble of a long and tiresome

INTRODUCTION.

search : Some subjects, however, are of such a doubtful or complicated nature, that it is difficult to ascertain the class to which they belong. This consideration will naturally produce some indulgence in the minds of those, who may be so struck with particular sentiments, as, at first, to imagine the songs which contain them improperly placed.

The glees and catches, to be given in the subsequent volume, should not pass unnoticed. They have been selected with the greatest care ; and the Editor, having been favoured with access to one of the best collections in the kingdom, cannot, for a moment, entertain a doubt of public approbation.

As it is the Editor's wish, not only to enliven the convivial hour, but also to afford entertainment in the closet, he has been particularly attentive to the literary merit of those original songs, which he has admitted ; as well as of those which have been adjudged worthy of selection. He has even gone so far as to introduce some pieces, hitherto not generally considered as songs ; but which, from their lyric excellence, highly merit the attention of the judicious and polite ; and are formed to do honour to those, who shall adapt them to the powers of harmony.

CATCHES, DUETS,

AND

G L E E S.

The Editor is obliged to acknowledge, that a few of the *Catches* have no particular claim to distinction ; but as the music to which they are set forms a material part of the entertainment at many fashionable Concerts, he was unwilling to reject them for any poetical imperfections.

C A T C H E S.

I.

COME, my boys, let's sing a catch:
A match, a match, a match !
 Beware of catch-poles,
 Warrants and dark-holes.
You're a vagrant ; that's a fact.
Stop, stop, let me look at the act.
No ; I am a gentleman.
I beg your pardon ;
You're only such in Covent Garden.

Oh ! curse your odious exclamations :
 Let us sing
 God save the King !
And be loyal, in spite of informations.
 God save the King !
 Long live the King !
 May the King live for ever !

II.

Which, friend, is the road to a place of good cheer?
 For hunger and thirst want a house that is near.
 To the right, then the left, 'tis as straight as a line;
 Then this side, then that side, look sharp for the sign!
 When you come to the guide-post, you'll see the Green Man:
 To dinner, to dinner, as fast as you can!

III.

I LOVE bustle, crouds, and rattle,
 Sound of trumpets, coaches, battle.—
 I hate noise, and roar and riot;
 Storms and tempests break my quiet.—
 Snug, yet active be my station:
 I'm in love with moderation.

IV.

CARE, thou tanker of our joys!
 Now thy tyrant reign is o'er:
 Fill the mystic bowl, my boys;
 Join in Bacchanalian roar.

Seize the villain; plunge him in!
 See! the hated miscreant dies!
 Mirth, with all thy train, come in:
 Shut out sorrow, tears, and sighs.

O'er our merry midnight bowls,
Gods ! how happy we shall be !
Day was made for vulgar souls ;
Night, my boys, for you and me.

V.

By Henry Bate Dudley.

How should we mortals spend our hours ?

———In war,

———In love,

———In drinking ?

None but a fool consumes his pow'rs

———In peace,

———In care,

———In thinking.

Time, would you let him wisely pass,

———Is lively,

———Brisk,

———And jolly :

Dip but his wings i'th' sparkling glass,

And he'll drown dull melancholy !

VI.

By Mr. Cunningham.

GIVE the toast, my good fellows, be jovial and gay,
And let the brisk moments pass jocund away ;
Here's the King—take your bumpers, my brave British souls!
He who guards your bright freedom, should crown your full
bowls.
May he live, long and happy—see Lewis brought down,
And taste all the comforts—no cares of a crown !

VII.

I LOV'D thee beautiful and kind,
And plighted an eternal vow ;
So alter'd are thy face and mind,
'Twere perjury to love thee now.

VIII.

HARK! the bonny Christ-church bells, 1 2 3 4 5 6,
They sound so great, so wondrous sweet,
And they troul so merrily, merrily.
Hark! the first and second bell, that ev'ry day, at four and ten,
Cry, Come, come, come, come, come to pray'rs,
And the verger trips before the dean.
Tingle tingle ting, goes the little bell at nine,
To call the drinkers home ;
But the de'il a man will leave his can
Till he hears the mighty Tom.

IX.

Now we're met like jovial fellows,
Let us do as wise men tell us,
Sing Old Rose, and burn the bellows.
When the bowl with claret glows,
And wisdom shines upon the nose,
O then is the time to sing Old Rose,
And burn the bellows.

X.

THE TIMES.

THE French are come and Spaniards too;
You lie, you lie, you lie;
Whene'er they come, the joke they'll rue
Much more than you or I.

The foe is gone, to come again:
You lie, you lie, you lie;
To-morrow brings good news from Spain—
Believe it you—not I.

Come, ring the changes round and round,
A lie, a lie, a lie;
Few truths on land or sea are found,
I'll swear—and so will I.

XI.

SEE, my boys, the foaming bowl,
Let jolly bumpers brisk go round,
Rapture seize on every soul,
And loud each cheerful voice resound.

Power and wealth, beauty, health,
Wit and mirth in wine are crown'd;
Joys abound, pleasure's found,
Only when the glass goes round.

XII.

YE Heav'ns, if innocence deserves your care,
Why have ye made it fatal to be fair?

Base man the ruin of our sex was born;
The beauteous are his prey, the rest his scorn.

Alike unfortunate, our fate is such,
We please too little, or we please too much.

XIII.

AARON thus propos'd to Moses,
"Come let us fuddle, fuddle our noses;"
Moses reply'd again to Aaron,
"'Twill do us more harm than you're aware on."

"Wine has a celestial charm in't,"
"Therefore there can be no harm in't :"
"If you would be Aaron's brother,"
"Drink up this bottle, and call for another."

XIV.

IN HURLY BURLY.

COME, let us drink a health to poor old Sue,
Oh, may she live till she's three score and two !
Here's to her daughter too,
Here's to her daughter too ;
She that was kifs'd by you know who—
Ah! Sir, 'twas you that kifs'd the daughter Sue.
Fill to the brim, Sirs, you and you,
Faith 'twas not I that kifs'd, so don't look blue.

XV.

WHEN next shall we meet to be merry and gay ?
With love, wine, and music we've made out the day ;
Adjourn then, adjourn, for to-morrow's decreed
A new day for pleasure; say, are we agreed ?
No, no ; I'll not stir from a can of such cheer,
Come back when you will, you shall find I am here.

XVI.

ON MENANDER.

ON thy sweet lips the bees in clusters hung,
And dropp'd Hyblæan honey on thy tongue :

For thee the Muses pluck'd Pierian flow'rs
And Graces woo'd thee in sequester'd bow'rs :

Ages to come shall celebrate thy name,
And Athens gather glory from thy fame.

D U E T S.

XVII.

THE OAK TREE,

By General Burgoyne.

GRACE and strength of Britain's isle,
May'st thou long thy glories keep,
Make her hills with verdure smile,
Bear her triumphs o'er the deep !

XVIII.

By L. Macnally, Esq.

THE stag through the forest, when rous'd by the horn,
Sore frighted, high bounding, flies wretched, forlorn;
Quick panting, heart-bursting, the hounds now in view,
Speed doubles, speed doubles, they eager pursue:

But 'scaping the hunters, again through the groves,
Disdaining past evils, with freedom he roves:
Not so in his soul, who from tyrant Love flies,
The shaft still remains, and despairing he dies.

XIX.

How sweet in the woodlands, with fleet hound and horn,
To waken shrill echo, and taste the fresh morn!
But hard is the chace, my fond heart must pursue;
For Daphne, fair Daphne, is lost to my view.

Assist me, chaste Dian, the nymph to regain,
More wild than the roe-buck, and wing'd with disdain:
In pity o'take her, who wounds as she flies;
Tho' Daphne's pursued, 'tis Myrtillo that dies.

XX.

FAIR Aurora, pr'ythee stay;
O retard unwelcome day!
Think what anguish rends my breast;
Thus carressing, thus carest;
From the idol of my heart
Forc'd at thy approach to part!

XXI.

BRING me flow'rs, and bring me wine ;
Boy, attend thy master's call ;
Round my head let myrtles twine ;
At my feet let roses fall.

Breathe in softest notes the flute ;
Form the song, and sound the lute ;
Let their gentle accents flow,
As the whisp'ring zephyrs blow.

XXII.

WHEN first I saw thee graceful move,
Ah me ! what meant my throbbing breast ?
Say, soft confusion, art thou love ?
If love thou art, then farewell rest.

With gentle smiles assuage the pain,
Those gentle-smiles did first create ;
And tho' you cannot love again,
In pity, ah ! forbear to hate !

XXIII.

THIS bleak and frosty morning,
All thought of danger scorning,
Our spirits briskly flow,
We're all in a glow,

Thro' the sparkling snow,
 While a skating we go,
 With a fa, la, la, la, la, la,
 To the sound of the merry horn.

From right to left we're plying,
 Swifter than winds we're flying,
 Spheres on spheres furrounding,
 Health and strength abounding :
 In circles we sleep,
 Our poise still we keep,
 Behold how we sweep
 The face of the deep,
 With a fa, la, la, &c.

Great Jove looks on us smiling,
 Who thus the time beguiling,
 Where the waters he seal,
 Still rove on our keel,
 Our weapons are steel,
 And no danger we feel,
 With a fa, la, la, &c.

See, see, our train advances,
 See how each skaiter lances,
 Health and strength abounding,
 While horns and hautboys founding,
 The Tritons shall blow
 Their conch-shells below,
 And their beards fear to shew,
 While a skating we go,
 With a fa, la, la, la, la, la,
 To the sound of the merry horn.

XXIV.

To me had clouds o'erspread the sky,
The rose, the myrtle seem'd to die :
Plumes were sent from Zephyr's wing,
And silent was the voice of Spring.

When Delia chac'd despair away,
Each flow'r its liveliest bloom display
Soft whisp'ring gales now fan the grove,
Ye hills, ye vales, I've found my love !

XXV.

HOPE ! thou nurse of young desire,
Fairy promiser of joy ;
Painted vapour, glow-worm fire,
Temp'rate sweet that ne'er can cloy !

Hope ! thou earnest of delight,
Softest soother of the mind,
Balmy cordial, prospect bright,
Surest friend the wretched find !

Kind deceiver, flatter still,
Deal out pleasures unpossess'd ;
With thy dreams my fancy fill,
And in wishes make me blest.

XXVI.

By R. B. Sheridan, Esq.

THE crimson morn bids hence the night ;
Unveil those beauteous eyes, my fair ;
For, till the dawn of love is there,
I feel no day, I own no light.

Waking, I heard thy numbers chide ;
Waking, the dawn did bless my fight ;
'Tis Phœbus sure that wooes, I cried,
Who speaks in song, who moves in light.

XXVII.

Do not unbind two gentle hearts,
Nor tear me from my weeping fair ;
Alas ! suspend the fatal stroke,
Two faithful, hapless lovers spare.

XXVIII.

By Mr. O'Keeffe.

A ROSE-TREE full in bearing,
Had sweet flowers fair to see ;
One rose beyond comparing,
For beauty, attracted me.

Tho' eager then to win it,
 Lovely, blooming, fresh and gay,
 I find a canker in it,
 And now throw it far away.

How fine this morning early,
 All sun-shiny, clear and bright !
 So late I lov'd you dearly,
 Tho' lost now each fond delight.
 The clouds seem big with showers,
 Sunny beams no more are seen ;
 Farewell, ye fleeting hours,
 Your falsehood has chang'd the scene.

XXIX.

By Henry Bate Dudley.

THOUGH Fortune clouds Hope's friendly ray,
 That beams our guardian light,
 Our constancy shall cheer the day,
 Our love the longest night.
 By thee belov'd, while blest with thee,
 Stern Fate may frown in vain ;
 Content and sweet Simplicity
 Will take us in their train.

XXX.

WHEN Phœbus the tops of the hills does adorn,
 How sweet is the sound of the echoing horn !
 When the antling stag is rous'd with the sound,
 Erecting his ears, nimbly sweeps o'er the ground ;
 And thinks he has left us behind on the plain ;
 But still we pursue,
 And now come in view of the glorious game :
 O see how again he rears up his head ;
 And, winged with fear, he redoubles his speed !
 But oh ! 'tis in vain, 'tis in vain, that he flies,
 That his eyes lose the huntsmen, his ears lose the cries :
 For now his strength fails him, he heavily flies,
 And he pants, till with well-scented hounds surrounded he dies.

 G L E E S.

XXXI.

Written by the late Mr. Wm. Collins.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
 By all their country's wishes blest !
 When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
 Returns to deck their hallow'd mold,
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod
 Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung ;
 By forms unseen their dirge is fung ;
 There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay ;
 And Freedom shall awhile repair,
 To dwell a weeping hermit there !

XXXII.

ON THE DEATH OF MAJOR ANDRÉ.

ROUND the hapless André's urn
 Be the cypress' foliage spread ;
 Fragrant spice profusely burn ;
 Honours grateful to the dead !

Let a soldier's manly form
 Guard the vase his ashes bears ;
 Truth, in living sorrow, warm,
 Pay a mourning nation's tears.

Fame ! his praise, upon thy wing,
 Thro' the world dispersing, tell ;
 In the service of his King,
 In his country's cause he fell.

XXXIII.

As o'er the varied meads I stray,
 Or trace thro' winding woods my way,
 While op'ning flow'rs their sweets exhale,
 And odours breathe in ev'ry gale ;

Where sage Contentment builds her seat,
 And Peace attends the calm retreat ;
 My soul, responsive, hails the scene,
 Attun'd to joy and peace within.
 But, musing on the lib'ral hand
 That scatters blessings o'er the land,
 That gives, for man, with pow'r divine,
 The earth to teem, the sun to shine,
 My grateful heart with rapture burns ;
 And pleasure to devotion turns.

XXXIV.

You ask me, dear Jack ! for an emblem that's rife,
 And clearly explains the true medium of life :
 I think I have hit it as sure as a gun ;
 For a bowl of good punch and the medium are one.

When lemon and sugar so happily meet,
 The acid's corrected by mixing the sweet ;
 The water and spirit so luckily blend,
 That each from th' extreme does the other defend.

Then fill up the bowl—rot sorrow and strife !
 A bumper, my boys, to the medium of life !
 Which keeps our frail state in a temper that's meet,
 Contented in blending the four with the sweet.

XXXV.

As I saw fair Chlora walk alone,
The feather'd snow came softly down,
As Jove, descending from his tow'r,
To court her in a silver show'r.
The wanton snow flew to her breasts,
As little birds into their nests;
But, being o'ercome with whiteness there,
For grief dissolv'd into a tear;
Then falling on her garment's hem,
To deck her, froze into a gem.

XXXVI.

HARK! the hollow woods resounding
Echo to the hunter's cry;
Hark! how all the vales surrounding
To his cheering voice reply!

Now, so swift, o'er hills aspiring,
He pursues the gay delight:
Distant woods and plains, retiring,
Seem to vanish from his sight.

Flying still, and still pursuing,
See the fox, the hounds, the men!
Cunning cannot save from ruin;
Far from refuge, wood, and den.

Now they kill him—homeward hie them,
 For a jovial night's repast :
 Thus no sorrow e'er comes nigh them ;
 Health continues to the last.

XXXVII.

RISING with the sun to labour,
 Blythe like him we spend the day ;
 When he sets, the merry tabor
 Bids us frolic, sport, and play.

XXXVIII.

HERE, in cool grot and mossy cell,
 We rural fays and fairies dwell !
 Tho' rarely seen by mortal eye,
 When the pale moon, ascending high,
 Darts thro' yon limes her quiv'ring beams,
 We frisk it near these crystal streams.

Her beams, reflected from the wave,
 Afford the light our revels crave :
 The turf, with daisies 'broider'd o'er,
 Exceeds, we wot, the Parian floor ;
 Nor yet for artful strains we call,
 But listen to the water-fall.

XXXIX.

TURN, Amarillis, to thy swain :
 Thy Damon calls thee back again :
 Here is a pretty arbour by,
 Where Apollo cannot spy :
 Here let's sit ; and, while I play,
 Sing to my pipe a roundelay.

XL.

By L. Macnally, Esq.

IN greenwood-shade, or winding dell,
 We merry maids and archers dwell ;
 In quiet, free from wordly strife,
 We pass a cheerful rural life ;
 And, by the moon's pale, quiv'ring beams,
 We frisk it near the crystal streams.

Our station's near the King's highway ;
 We rob the rich the poor to pay ;
 The woe-worn wretch we still protect ;
 The widow, orphan, ne'er neglect ;
 Fat churchmen proud we cause to stand,
 And whistle for our steady band.

XLI.

WRITTEN ANNO 1600.

How merrily we live that shepherds be!
 Roundelays still we sing, with merry glee,
 On the pleasant downs;
 Where, as our flocks we see,
 We feel no cares, we fear not Fortune's frowns;
 We have no envy, which sweet mirth confounds.

XLII.

Live and love, enjoy the fair;
 Banish sorrow, banish care;
 Mind not what old dotards say;
 Age has had his share of play;
 But Youth's sport begins to-day.

From the fruits of sweet Delight
 Let no scare-crow Virtue fright;
 Here in Pleasure's vineyards, we
 Rove, like birds, from tree to tree;
 Careless, airy, gay, and free.

XLIII.

By L. Macnally, Esq.

We three archers be,
 Rangers that rove thro' the North country,
 Lovers of ven'son and liberty,
 Who value not honours or money.

We three good fellows be,
 Who never yet ran from three times three,
 Quarter-staff, broadsword, or bowmanry :
 But give us fair play for our money.

We three merry men be,
 At a lase, or a glase under greenwood-tree ;
 Jocundly chaunting our ancient glee,
 Though we have not a penny of money.

XLIV.

SUMMER.

WHERE the murm'ring river flows,
 Where the weeping willows play ;
 We enjoy a cool repose,
 From the busy glare of day.

Summer's heat disturbs the breast ;
 The passions should be calm and still :
 Ev'ry thought is lull'd to rest,
 By the sweetly tinkling rill.

XLV.

FAIR and sweet,
 Trim and neat,
 Springs the blushing rose in May ;
 Summer past,
 Autumn's blast
 Shrinks its beauteous leaves away.

But the mind,
 Chaste, refin'd,
 Warm'd by Virtue's cheering ray,
 Ever blows :
 That fresh rose,
 " Time itself can ne'er decay."

XLVI.

By Henry Bate Dudley.

How merrily we live that soldiers be !
 Round the world thus we march with merry glee :
 On the pleasant downs sometimes encamp'd we lie ;
 No cares we know, but Fortune's frowns defy,
 So long as we can see our colours fly.

XLVII.

COME live with me, and be my love,
 And we will all the pleasures prove,
 That grove and valley, hill and field,
 Or woods and sleepy mountains yield :
 And I will make thee beds of roses,
 And twine a thousand fragrant posies ;
 A cap of flow'rs, and rural kirtle
 Embroider'd o'er with leaves of myrtle :

A belt of straw, and ivy buds,
 A coral clasp, and amber studs;
 And if these pleasures may thee move,
 Then live with me, and be my love.
 The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
 For thy delight, each May-morning :
 If joys like these thy mind may move,
 Come live with me, and be my love.

XLVIII.

*B*ACCHUS, Jove's delightful boy,
 Gen'rous God of wine and joy,
 Still exhilarates my soul
 With the raptures of the bowl :
 Then with feather'd feet I bound,
 Dancing in a festive round ;
 Then I feel, in sparkling wine,
 Transports delicate, divine ;
 Then the sprightly music charms,
 Songs delight, and beauty warms.
 Debonair, and light, and gay,
 Thus I dance the hours away.

XLIX.

*C*OME, my good fellows, and quit the bower,
 The fun no longer seems to lowr ;
 Your arrows bring, your bows of yew,
 With silver tips and silken clue ;

And let the lusty bugle horn
 Tell of the death of deer forlorn ;
 With fatal note resounding,
 What tho' he be swift and bounding,
 The horn, the horn, the lusty horn
 Shall tell of the death of deer forlorn.

L.

CONSIGN'D to dust, beneath this stone,
 In manhood's prime, is Damon laid ;
 Joyless he liv'd, and died unknown,
 In bleak Misfortune's barren shade.

Lov'd by the Mule, but lov'd in vain,
 'Twas Beauty drew his ruin on ;
 He saw young Daphne on the plain ;
 He lov'd, believ'd, and was undone.

Beneath this stone the youth is laid ;
 O ! greet his ashes with a tear :
 May Heav'n with blessings crown his shade,
 And grant that peace he wanted here !

LI.

COME, come all noble souls, who, skill'd in music's art,
 Do join in this society to bear a part ;
 For in this pleasant grove we'll sit, we'll drink and sing,
 And imitate those cheerful birds now, in the spring.
 The Muses nine shall know, and all most plainly see,
 Our off'ring at their shrine is love and harmony.

LII.

WINE does wonders ev'ry day,
 Makes the heavy light and gay;
 Throws off all their melancholy ;
 Makes the wisest go astray,
 And the busy toy and play,
 And the poor and needy jolly.

Wine makes trembling cowards bold,
 Men in years forget they're old ;
 Women leave their coy disdaining,
 Who till then were shy and cold ;
 Makes the niggard fling his gold,
 And the serious, entertaining.

LIII.

WHERE the bee sucks, there lurk I ;
 In a cowslip's bell I lie :
 There I couch when owls do cry ;
 On the bat's back I do fly
 After sun-set merrily.
 Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
 Under the blossoms that hang on the bough

LIV.

HARK! hark! the lark at heav'n's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs,
On chalic'd flow'rs that lies :
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes :
With ev'ry thing that pretty is,
My Lady fweet, arise.

LV.

By L. Macnally, Esq.

HARK the leafy woods resounding
Echo to the bugle horn ;
Swift the stag, with vigour bounding,
Leaps the brake, and clears the thorn.

Ev'ry art his cunning trying,
Shafts arrest his eager flight ;
High he leaps, the hounds full crying,
Now he's vanish'd from our sight.

Twanging bows with death pursuing,
Now he rears and turns his head,
Bays the dogs ; but nought from ruin,
Nought can save—he falls—he's dead !

Sound the horn, huzza in chorus,
 We are free from care, my boys ;
 Rural pleasures lie before us,
 Health, and length, and strength of joys.

LVI.

WRITTEN ANNO 1596.

FAIR Phillis I saw sitting all alone,
 Feeding her flock near to the mountain's side ;
 The shepherd knew not whither she was gone :
 In search of his lover Amyntas hied.
 Up and down he wander'd,
 Up and down he wander'd,
 Up and down he wander'd,
 While she was missing :
 But when he found her,
 O ! then they fell a-kissing ;
 O ! then they fell a-kissing.

LVII.

FROM APOLLO TURN'D STROLLER.

By Sir John Oldmixon.

How merrily we live that strollers be !
 Cheerfully, thus we chaunt our merry glee ;
 Oft with Shakespeare's muse we jocund play,
 Repeat his strains with joy the livelong day,
 And each revolving month with us is May.

LVIII.

To sheep-shear, my boys! pipe and tabor strike up;
Let's not lose a moment, brisk, push round the cup;
Our wool is all hous'd, and our toil is all o'er,
Our barns are well stock'd, now we'll dance on the floor,
Come, neighbours! with hearts and with voices in tune,
Rejoice at our festival sheep-shear in June;
Take each a full jug, drink success to the fleece,
And only with day-light let merriment cease.

LIX.

Hush to peace each ruder wind,
Purling rills in silence roll,
While, on rosy beds reclin'd,
Sleeps the charmer of my soul.

Chaste Diana, watch my treasure,
Guard her beauty from alarms;
Let no Satyr's wanton pleasure
Dare invade her blooming charms.

Somnus, god of balmy rest,
Sweetly slumb'ring, let her prove
Ev'ry joy, which Strephon blest
Could bestow in waking love.

LX.

ACIS AND GALATEA.

THE flocks shall leave the mountains,
 The woods the turtle dove,
 The nymphs forsake the fountains,
 Ere I forsake my love.
 Torture! fury! rage! despair!
 I cannot, cannot, cannot bear.

Not show'rs to larks more pleasing,
 Nor sunshine to the bee;
 Not sleep to toil so easing,
 As these dear smiles to me.
 Fly swift, thou massy ruin, fly:
 Die, presumptuous Acis, die!

LXI.

THE pleasure of the plains!
 Happy nymphs, and happy swains,
 Harmless, merry, free and gay,
 Dance and sport the hours away.

For us the Zephyr blows,
 For us distils the dew;
 For us unfolds the rose,
 And flow'rs display their hue.

For us the Winters rain,
 For us the Summers shine;
 Spring swells for us the grain,
 And Autumn bleeds the vine.

I N D E X

TO THE

CATCHES, DUETS, AND GLEES.

F I R S T V O L U M E.

A	
ARON thus propos'd to Moses	Page xvi
A rose-tree full in bearing	xxiii
As o'er the varied meads I stray	xxvi
As I saw fair Chlora walk alone	xxviii
B	
Bacchus, Jove's delightful boy	xxxiv
C	
Come, my boys, let's sing a catch	xi
Care, thou canker of our joys	xii
Come, let us drink a health to poor old Sue	xvii
Come live with me, and be my love	xxxiii
Come, my good fellows, and quit the bower	xxxiv
Consign'd to dust beneath this stone	xxxv
Come, come all noble souls, who, skill'd in music's art	xxxv
D	
Do not unbind two gentle hearts	xxiii
F	
Fair Aurora, pr'ythee stay	xix
Fair and sweet	xxxii
Fair Phillis I saw sitting all alone	xxxviii
G	
Give the toast, my good fellows, be jovial and gay	xiv
Grace and strength of Britain's isle	xviii
H	
How should we mortals spend our hours	xiii
Hark! the bonny Christ-church bells, 1 2 3 4 5 6	xiv
How sweet in the woodlands, with fleet hound and horn	xix
Hope, thou nurse of young desire	xxii
How sleep the brave who sink to rest	xxv

I N D E X.

Hark! the hollow woods resounding Here, in cool grot and mossy cell How merrily we live that shepherds be How merrily we live that soldiers be Hark! hark! the lark at Heav'n's gate sings Hark the leafy woods resounding How merrily we live that strollers be Hush to peace each ruder wind I I love buff'e, crouds, and rattle I lov'd thee beautiful and kind In green-wood shade, or winding dell L Live and love, enjoy the fun N Now we're met like jovial fellows O On thy sweet lips the bees in clusters hung O the pleasure of the plains R Round the hapless Andre's urn Rising with the sun to labour S See, my boys, the foaming bowl T The French are come and Spaniards too The stag through the forest when rous'd by the horn This bleak and frosty morning To me had clouds o'erspread the sky The crimson hour bids hence the night Through Fortune's clouds Hope's friendly ray Turn, Amaryllis, to thy swain To sheep-shear, my boys! pipe and taber strike up The flocks shall leave the mountains W Which, friend, is the road to a place of good cheer When next shall we meet to be merry and gay When first I saw thee graceful move When Phœbus the tops of the hills does adorn We three archers be Where the murm'ring river flows Wine does wonders ev'ry day Where the bee sucks, there lurk I Y Ye Heav'ns, if innocence deserves your care You ask me, dear Jack, for an emblem that's rife	Page xxviii xxix xxxi xxxiii xxxvii xxxvii xxxviii xxxix xii xiv xxx xxxix xv xviii xl xxvi xxix xvi xv xix xx xxii xxiii xxiv xxx xxxix xl xii xvii xx xxv xxxi xxxii xxxvi xxxvi xvi xxvii
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T H E
LYRIC REPOSITORY.

I.

By L. Macknally, Esq.

THE northern blast, that chilling blows
Adown the mountain's snowy side,
The tendril bites, and blights the rose,
And withers all the valley's pride.

More fatal bites not, through the grove,
The Winter's sharp and canker'd tooth,
Than doth the blight of hopeless love
The tender bud of hapless youth.

II.

TO A NIGHTINGALE.

By Miss Smith.

POOR melancholy bird, that all night long
Tell'st to the moon thy tale of tender woe ;
From what sad cause can such sweet sorrow flow,
And whence this mournful melody of song ?

VOL. I.

B

Thy poet's musing fancy would translate
 What mean the sounds that swell thy little breast,
 When still at dewy eve thou leav'st thy nest,
 Thus to the listening night to sing thy fate.

Pale Sorrow's victims wert thou once among,
 Tho' now releas'd in woodlands wild to rove,
 Or hast thou felt from friends some cruel wrong,
 Or diedst thou martyr of disastrous love?
 Ah! songstresses sad! that such my lot might be,
 To sigh and sing at liberty---like thee!

III.

TO THE SOUTH-DOWNS.

By Miss Smith.

Ah, hills belov'd! where once, an happy child,
 Your beechen shades, ' your turf, your flowers among,'
 I wove your blue-bells into garlands wild,
 And woke your echoes with my artless song!

Ah, hills belov'd! your turf, your flowers remain;
 But can they peace to this sad breast restore,
 For one poor moment soothe the sense of pain,
 And teach a breaking heart to throb no more?

And you, Aruna! in the vale below,
 As to the sea your limpid waves you bear,
 Can you one kind Lethean cup bestow,
 To drink a long oblivion to my care?
 Ah, no!--when all, e'en hope's last ray is gone,
 There's no oblivion---but in death alone!

IV.

By Francis Ireland.

WHERE weeping yews and nodding cypress wave,
In awful gloom, around thy mossy grave,
Let nymphs and shepherds yearly tribute bring,
And strew the earliest vi'lets of the spring.
Let fairy-footsteps trace the midnight round,
And guard from ev'ry ill the hallow'd ground ;
There drooping Love and Friendship oft appear,
And Virtue greets thine ashes with a tear.

V.

THE BUD OF THE ROSE.

HER mouth, with a smile
Devoid of all guile,
Half open to view
Is the bud of the rose,
In the morning that blows,
Impearl'd with the dew.

More fragrant her breath
Than the flow'r-scented heath
At the dawning of day ;
The hawthorn in bloom,
The lily's perfume,
Or the blossoms of May.

VI.

MARY'S DREAM.

THE moon had climb'd the highest hill
 Which rises o'er the source of Dee,
 And from the Eastern summit shed
 Her silver light on tow'r and tree ;
 When Mary laid her down to sleep,
 Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea :
 Then soft and low a voice was heard
 Say, ' Mary, weep no more for me.'

She from her pillow gently rais'd
 Her head, to ask who there might be ;
 And saw young Sandy shiv'ring stand,
 With pallid cheek, and hollow eye :
 ' O ! Mary dear, cold is my clay ;
 It lies beneath a stormy sea :
 Far, far from thee I sleep in death ;
 So, Mary, weep no more for me.

' Three stormy nights and stormy days
 We tofs'd upon the raging main ;
 And long we strove our bark to save,
 But all our striving was in vain.
 E'en then, when horror chill'd my blood,
 My heart was fill'd with love of thee :
 The storm is past, and I at rest ;
 So, Mary, weep no more for me.

' O ! maiden dear, thyself prepare ;
 We soon shall meet upon that shore,
 Where love is free from doubt or care ;
 And thou and I shall part no more.'

Loud crow'd the cock ; the shadow fled ;
No more of Sandy could she see :
But soft the passing spirit said,
' Sweet Mary, weep no more for me.'

VII.

THE BEE.

AH ! filly elf ! that rose to sip,
While Delia sleeping lies !
You little fool, go taste her lip ;
Devour her balmy sighs :

Those lips, which make the rose look pale,
Eclipse its brightest hue ;
Her neck the lily of the vale ;
Her eyes the vi'lets blue.

Her charms surpass the flow'rs of Spring :
Oh ! softly them invade ;
Nor dare to use your venom'd sting,
To wound the charming maid.

VIII.

MADRIGAL.

Translated from the French by David Garrick, Esq.

FOR me my Fair a wreath has wove,
Where rival flow'rs in union meet ;
As oft she kiss'd the gift of love,
Her breath gave sweetness to the sweet.

A bee within a damask rose
 Had crept, the nectar'd dew to sip;
 But leffer sweets the thief foregoes,
 And fastens on Louisa's lip.

There tasting all the sweets of Spring,
 Wak'd by the rip'ning breath of May,
 Th' ungrateful spoiler left the sting,
 And with the honey fled away.

Then to th' affrighted Fair I flew;
 And, hasting to relieve the smart,
 I kifs'd the gentle maid, and drew
 The subtle poison to my heart.

IX.

JESSY.

By William Shakespeare, Esq.

MY blifs too long my bride denies;
 Apace the wafting Summer flies:
 Nor yet the wint'ry blasts I fear;
 Nor storms nor night shall keep me here.

What may for strength with steel compare?
 O! Love has fetters stronger far:
 By bolts of steel are limbs confin'd,
 But cruel Love enchains the mind.

No longer then perplex thy breast;
 When thoughts torment, the first are best:
 'Tis mad to go, 'tis death to stay;
 Away, my Jessy, haste away.

X.

TO ARDELIA.

By G. Keate, Esq.

WELCOME to the new-born Year,
Lo! it comes by Hope attended;
Future Seasons too appear,
All with future pleasures blended.

Mark, Ardelia, mark their brow,
With how sweet a smile they greet us!--
O may ever Time, as now,
With so kind an aspect meet us!

Doom'd with thee my course to bend,
Ev'ry path of life's inviting;
Thou my wife, companion, friend,
All is sunshine, all delighting.

Unregarded seasons roll'd,
Ere my choice had thee selected;
Now they happiness unfold,
Not a moment flies neglected.

'Tis not fortune, 'tis not state,
'Tis not what the World so prizes,
In the mind can bliss create;---
Far above such toys it rises.

'Tis the joy exalted hearts
Feel, while each to each a blessing;
And, by all endearing arts,
Ever still their love expressing.

Such the pleasures we partake;
And, if lengthen'd years be giv'n,
Virtue join'd with Peace shall make
Home a temporary heav'n.

XI.

TO SLEEP.

By David Garrick, Esq.

YET awhile, sweet Sleep, deceive me,
Fold me in thy downy arms;
Let not Care awake to grieve me;
Lull me with thy potent charms.

I, a turtle, doom'd to stray,
Quitting yours, the parent's nest,
Find each bird a bird of prey;
Sorrow knows not where to rest.

XII.

By George Keate, Esq.

AND must I ever vent my sighs in air?
Tho' with a true, yet fruitless passion burn?
In sorrow still lament my absent Fair?
And will her truant steps no more return?

Ah me! I fear she will disown the plain,
Our humble village, and our peaceful green;
Else in the noisy town she'd ne'er remain
When Spring invites her to the sylvan scene.

She, who was first to pluck the early rose,
And twine a garland for the May-pole's head ;
She, whom our festive virgins ever chose
Their rural leader, is unkindly fled !

Why tarries thus my Fair, when Nature sheds
Her gay profusion o'er the rising year ;
When for my flocks the mead its treasure spreads,
And woods and lawns in vernal pride appear ?

Perhaps some polish'd lover courts thy smile,
And pours his flatt'ring accents in thine ear ;
Or does some wealthy Lord thine heart beguile,
And keep thee absent from thy shepherd here ?

O ! let not Wealth or Flatt'ry warp thy mind :
Their blandishments will soon deceitful prove ;
And thou their victim then too late may'st find,
That artless Truth alone is friend to Love !

Love lights his torch at Virtue's sacred fires.
He comes in sweet simplicity array'd ;
Far from the pomp of life by choice retires,
And seeks the covert of its tranquil shade

No lands have I, no honours to display,
Alike to fortune, as to fame, unknown ;
I only boast a heart that mourns thy stay,
A faithful heart, that beats for thee alone.

The bloom of May, like thee, that's ever fair,
The brook clear-bubbling, and the cooling breeze,
E'en the mirth-moving bag-pipe, foe to care,
When thou art from me, lose their pow'r to please.

Ah ! what avails to tread the flow'ry field,
 Or view the landscape from the clifted steep ?
 No objects now their wonted pleasure yield,
 But seem like me to languish, and to weep.

While my companions mingle in the dance,
 And each is jocund with his constant maid,
 I muse on thee, bewail my own mischance,
 And, fullen, sit me down beneath the shade.

Return once more, sweet nymph, and joy excite,
 Bright as thyself shall nature then seem drest ;
 Bring back thy blushing graces to my sight,
 Reward my truth, and make thy shepherd blest.

XIII.

By Dr. Blacklock.

YE rivers so limpid and clear,
 Who reflect, as in cadence you flow,
 All the beauties that vary the year,
 All the flow'rs on your margins that grow !
 How blest on your banks could I dwell,
 Were Melissa the pleasure to share,
 And teach your sweet echoes to tell
 With what fondness I doat on the Fair !

Ye harvests, that wave in the breeze
 As far as the view can extend !
 Ye mountains, umbrageous with trees,
 Whose tops so majestic ascend !
 Your landscape what joy to survey,
 Were Melissa with me to admire !
 Then the harvest would glitter, how gay !
 How majestic the mountains aspire !

In pensive regret whilst I rove,
The fragrance of flow'rs to inhale ;
Or watch from the pastures and grove,
Each music that floats on the gale ;
Alas ! the delusion how vain !
Nor odours nor harmony please
A heart agonizing with pain,
Which tries ev'ry posture for ease.

If anxious to flatter my woes,
Or the languor of absence to cheer,
Her breath I would catch in the rose,
Or her voice in the nightingale hear.
To cheat my despair of its prey,
What object her charms can assume ?
How harsh is the nightingale's lay !
How insipid the rose's perfume !

Ye zephyrs that visit my Fair,
Ye sun-beams around her that play,
Does her sympathy dwell on my care ?
Does she number the hours of my stay ?
First perish ambition and wealth,
First perish all else that is dear,
Ere one sigh should escape her by stealth,
Ere my absence should cost her one tear.

When, when shall her beauties once more
This desolate bosom surprise ?
Ye Fates ! the blest moments restore
When I bask'd in the beams of her eyes ;
When, with sweet emulation of heart,
Our kindness we struggled to show ;
But the more that we strove to impart,
We felt it more ardently glow.

XIV.

By William Shakespeare, Esq.

To keep my gentle Jeffy,
What labour would seem hard ?
Each toilsome task how easy,
Her love the sweet reward !

The bee thus, uncomplaining,
Esteems no toil severe ;
The sweet reward obtaining
Of honey, all the year.

XV.

By Mrs. Barbauld.

As near a weeping spring reclin'd,
The beauteous Araminta pin'd,
And mourn'd a false ungrateful youth ;
While dying echoes caught the sound,
And spread the soft complaints around
Of broken vows and alter'd truth ;

An aged shepherd heard her moan,
And thus in pity's kindest tone
Address'd the lost, despairing maid :
' Cease, cease, unhappy Fair, to grieve ;
For sounds, tho' sweet, can ne'er relieve
A breaking heart by love betray'd.

‘ Why shouldst thou waste such precious show’rs,
That fall like dew on wither’d flow’rs,
But dying passion ne’er restor’d ?
In Beauty’s empire is no mean ;
And woman, either slave or queen,
Is quickly scorn’d when not ador’d.

‘ Those liquid pearls from either eye,
Which might an Eastern empire buy,
Unvalued here and fruitless fall ;
No art the season can renew
When love was young, and Damon true,
No tears a wand’ring heart recal.

‘ Cease, cease to grieve ; thy tears are vain,
Should those fair orbs in drops of rain
Vie with a weeping southern sky :
For hearts o’ercome with love and grief
All nature yields but one relief ;
Die, hapless Araminta, die !’

XVI.

HOPE.

HOPE, thou source of ev’ry blessing,
Parent of each joy divine !
Ev’ry balmy sweet possessing,
Ev’ry promis’d bliss be thine.

Softest friend to heart-felt anguish,
Lend, O ! lend thy pow’rful aid ;
Bid the lover cease to languish,
Cheer the fond despairing maid.

XVII.

By Mrs. Barbauld.

WHEN gentle Celia first I knew,
A breast so good, so kind, so true,
Reason and taste approv'd :
Pleas'd to indulge so pure a flame,
I call'd it by too soft a name,
And fondly thought I lov'd ;

Till Chloris came. With sad surprise,
I felt the lightning of her eyes
Thro' all my senses run ;
All glowing with resistless charms,
She fill'd my breast with new alarms ;
I saw, and was undone.

O Celia ! dear unhappy maid,
Forbear the weakness to upbraid,
Which ought your scorn to move :
I know this beauty false and vain,
I know she triumphs in my pain ;
Yet still I feel I love.

Thy gentle smiles no more can please,
Nor can thy softest friendship ease
The torments I endure :
Think what that wounded breast must feel
Which truth and kindness cannot heal,
Nor e'en thy pity cure.

Oft shall I curse my iron chain,
And wish again thy milder reign
With long and vain regret :

All that I can, to thee I give ;
And could I still to reason live,
I were thy captive yet.

But passion's wild, impetuous sea
Hurries me far from peace and thee,
'Twere vain to struggle more :
Thus the poor sailor slumb'ring lies,
While swelling tides around him rise,
And push his bark from shore.

In vain he spreads his helpless arms,
His pitying friends with fond alarms
In vain deplore his state ;
Still far and farther from the coast,
On the high surge his bark is tost,
And found'ring yields to fate.

XVIII.

CANZONET.

By W. Jackson.

TIME has not thinn'd my flowing hair,
Nor bent me with his iron hand ;
Ah ! why so soon the blossom tear,
Ere Autumn yet the fruit demand ?

Let me enjoy the cheerful day,
Till many a year has o'er me roll'd ;
Pleas'd let me trifle life away,
And sing of Love ere I grow old.

XIX.

By Mr. Cunningham.

WHERE the fond zephyr thro' the woodbine plays,
And wakes sweet fragrance in the mantling bow'r,
Near to that grove my lovely bridegroom stays
Impatient---for 'tis past the promis'd hour.

Lend me thy light, O ever-sparkling star!
Bright Hesper! in thy glowing pomp array'd,
Look down, look down, from thy all-glorious car,
And beam protection on a wand'ring maid.

'Tis to escape the penetrating spy,
And pass unnotic'd from malignant sight,
This dreary waste, full resolute, I try,
And trust my footsteps to the shades of night.

The moon has flipt behind an envious cloud;
Her smiles, so gracious, I no longer view:
Let her remain behind that envious shroud,
My hopes, bright Hesperus! depend on you.

No rancour ever reach'd my harmless breast;
I hurt no birds, nor rob the bustling bee:
Hear then what Love and Innocence request,
And shed your kindest influence on me.

Thee Venus loves---First twinkler of the sky,
Thou art her star---in golden radiance gay:
On my distresses cast a pitying eye,
Assist me---for, alas! I've lost my way.

I see the darling of my soul---my love !
 Expression can't the mighty rapture tell :
 He leads me to the bosom of the grove :
 Thanks, gentle star---kind Helperus, farewell.

XX.

THE ROSE.

REST, beauteous flow'r, and bloom anew,
 To court my passing love ;
 Glow in his eye with brighter hue,
 And all thy form improve.

And while thy balmy odours steal,
 To meet his equal breath,
 Let thy soft blush, for mine, reveal
 Th' imprinted kifs beneath.

XXI.

By W. Shenstone, Esq.

How pleas'd, within my native bow'rs,
 Erewhile I pass'd the day !
 Was ever scene so deck'd with flow'rs ?
 Were ever flow'rs so gay ?

How sweetly smil'd the hill, the vale,
 And all the landscape round !
 The river gliding down the dale,
 The hill with beeches crown'd !

But now, when, urg'd by tender woes,
 I speed to meet my dear,
 That hill and stream my zeal oppose,
 And check my fond career.

No more, since Daphne was my theme,
 Their wonted charms I see :
 That verdant hill and silver stream
 Divide my love and me.

XXII.

LOVE AND DESPAIR.

No more the festive train I'll join :
 Adieu ! ye rural sports, adieu !
 For what, alas ! have griefs like mine
 With pastimes or delights to do ?
 Let hearts at ease such pleasures prove ;
 But I am all despair and love.

Ah, well-a-day ! how chang'd am I !---
 When late I seiz'd the rural reed,
 So soft my strains, the herds hard by
 Stood gazing, and forgot to feed :
 But now my strains no longer move ;
 They're discord all, despair, and love.

Behold around my straggling sheep,
 The fairest once upon the lea ;
 No swain to guide, no dog to keep,
 Unshorn they stray, nor mark'd by me.
 The shepherds mourn to see them rove ;
 They ask the cause ; I answer, Love.

Neglected love first taught my eyes
With tears of anguish to o'erflow ;
'Tis that which fill'd my breast with sighs,
And tun'd my pipe to notes of woe :
Love has occasion'd all my smart,
Dispers'd my flock, and broke my heart.

XXIII.

THE HAPPY SHEPHERD.

By F. I.

WITH the sun I rise at morn,
Haste my flocks into the mead ;
By the fields of yellow corn,
There my gentle lambkins feed :
Ever sportive, ever gay,
While the merry pipe I play.

Lovely Mira joins the strain ;
Calls the wand'rer to its mate :
Her sweet voice can soothe each pain,
And make the troubled heart elate :
Ever cheerful, ever gay,
While the merry pipe I play.

When from Winter's rugged arms
Zephyrs fleeting leave the grove,
Mira cheers me with her charms ;
For her song is tun'd to love :
Ever happy, ever gay,
On the merry pipe I play.

Tho' no splendour deck my cot,
 With my Fair I live content ;
 May it be my happy lot,
 Still to love, and ne'er repent ;
 While, at dawn and setting day,
 On the merry pipe I play!

XXIV.

By Lord Lyttelton.

ADIEU to the village delights,
 Which lately my fancy enjoy'd !
 No longer the country invites ;
 To me all its pleasures are void.
 Adieu, thou sweet health-breathing hill !
 Thou canst not my comfort restore ;
 For ever adieu, my dear vill !
 My Lucy, alas ! is no more.

She, she was the cure of my pain,
 My blessing, my honour, my pride :
 She ne'er gave me cause to complain,
 Till that fatal day when she died.
 Her eyes, that so beautiful shone,
 Are closed for ever in sleep ;
 And mine, since my Lucy is gone,
 Have nothing to do but to weep.

Could my tears the bright angel restore,
 Like a fountain, they never should cease ;
 But Lucy, alas ! is no more,
 And I am a stranger to peace.

Let me copy, with fervour devout,
The virtues that glow'd in her heart;
Then soon, when life's sand is run out,
We shall meet again, never to part.

XXV.

By Mr. Gay.

VIRGINS are like the fair flow'r in its lustre,
Which in the garden enamels the ground;
There the bees hover, and murmur, and cluster,
And gaudy butterflies frolic around.

But, when once pluck'd, 'tis no longer alluring;
To Covent-Garden 'tis brought, while yet sweet;
There droops, and fades, and grows past all enduring;
Rots, stinks, and dies, and is trod under feet.

XXVI.

THE COTTAGER'S WISH.

WHERE the light cannot pierce, in a grove of tall trees,
With my Fair-one as blooming as May,
Undisturb'd by all sound but the sighs of the breeze,
Let me pass the hot noon of the day.

When the Sun, less intense, to the westward inclines,
For the meadows the groves we'll forsake,
And see the rays dance, as inverted he shines
On the face of some river or lake;

Where my Fairest and I, on its verge as we pass,
 (For 'tis she that must still be my theme)
 Our shadows may view on the watery glass,
 While the fish are at play in the stream.

May the herds cease to low, and the lambkins to bleat,
 When she sings me some amorous strain;
 All be silent and hush'd, unless echo repeat
 The kind words and sweet sounds back again !

And when we return to our cottage at night,
 Hand in hand as we sauntering stray,
 Let the Moon's silver beams through the leaves give us light,
 Just direct us, and chequer our way.

Let the nightingale warble its notes in our walk,
 As thus gently and slowly we move ;
 And let no single thought be express'd in our talk,
 But of friendship improv'd into love.

Thus enchanted each day with these rural delights,
 And secure from ambition's alarms,
 Soft love and repose shall divide all our nights,
 And each morning shall rise with new charms.

XXVII.

THE INVITATION.

THE noon-tide sun the fields had gilded o'er,
 And drain'd the dew-drops with his fervid beams ;
 To crop the herbage cattle had forbore,
 And sought refreshment from the shaded streams :

The glowing void around was all serene,
 And silence exercis'd a lonesome fway ;
 Save where the whisp'ring grafshoppers, unseen,
 Enjoy'd with ecstafy the golden day :

When to a fragrant myrtle-grove withdrew
 The fond Palemon---haplefs shepherd-fwain !
 His languid limbs upon the ground he threw,
 And in these artlefs lays exprefs'd his pain :

' Must I, devoid of hope, for ever pine,
 The destin'd prey of unrelenting love ?
 O Amaryllis ! can a breast like thine
 So kind and gentle---yet so cruel prove ?

' What though my coffers hide no precious ore,
 Nor gilded canopies o'erhang my head ?
 With Amaryllis I request no more ;
 Yon cot my palace---and my court, this shade.

' But see, my love, to heighten our delight,
 The scented shrubs their flow'rets fair display ;
 The jessamines, in sparkling beauty bright,
 Pour forth fresh fragrance on the smiling day.

' The myrtle also, and the laurel, join'd
 With ev'ry shining flow'r that decks the grove,
 In curious wreathings artfully entwin'd,
 Shall form a charming garland for my love.

' And when the ruddy Sun descends the skies,
 To yield his empire to the starry train ;
 When ev'ning's gale in softest murmur sighs,
 And drops of dew impearl the shadowy plain :

' Then, hand in hand, we'll hie us to the shade,
 Together on the verdant bank recline ;
 While chaste desires our ardent souls pervade ;
 And thou dost gaze---and sigh, and call me thine.

' Where roams my fancy?'---'Tis a dream, fond swain !
 For Amaryllis scorns thy rural store :
 She bids thee languish in unpitied pain,
 And never taste the sweets of comfort more.

XXVIII.

THE COMPLAINT.

W_{HEN} once I with Phillida stray'd,
 Where rivers run murmuring by,
 I heard the soft vows that she made :
 What swain was so happy as I ?
 My breast was a stranger to care,
 For my wealth by her kisses I told ;
 I thought myself richer by far
 Than he that had mountains of gold.

But now I am poor and undone,
 Her vows have prov'd empty and vain ;
 The kisses I once thought my own
 Are bestow'd on a happier swain :
 But cease, gentle shepherd, to deem
 That her vows shall be constant and true ;
 They're as false as a midsummer dream,
 As fickle as midsummer dew.

O Phillis ! so fickle and fair,
Why did you my love then approve ?
Had you frown'd on my suit, thro' despair
I soon had forgotten to love :
You smil'd, and your smiles were so sweet,
You spoke, and your words were so kind,
I could not suspect the deceit,
But gave my loose sails to the wind.

When tempests the ocean deform,
And billows so mountainous roar,
The pilot, secur'd from the storm,
Ne'er ventures his bark from the shore ;
As soon as soft breezes arise,
And smiles the false face of the sea,
His art he too credulous tries,
And, failing, is shipwreck'd like me.

XXIX.

THE DESPAIRING LOVER.

How can the Muses lend their happy aid !
Ah ! how can Fancy brighten up the song !
Beauty and Love can only be display'd,
Where mutual passion does the theme prolong.

There smiling Venus leads the happy hours ;
There Cupid only lends his golden dart ;
There lovers breathe their vows, in rosy bow'rs,
And rapture plays alike around each heart.

There may the Muses ev'ry wreath entwine ;
 With notes seraphic strike upon the ear :
 But melancholy thoughts alone are mine ;
 And ev'ry prospect dismal, dark, and drear.

For Love the tyrant triumphs in my breast,
 With all his force of jealousies and fears ;
 Nor will allow my soul one moment's rest :
 My heart he breaks ; my eyes suffuse with tears.

With garlands gay let others then be crown'd,
 And lead the blushing bride to Hymen's fane ;
 My temples, with dark yew and cypress bound,
 Shall best express my sorrow and my shame.

 XXX.

CANZONET.

By General Burgoyne.

FOR tenderness framed in life's earliest day,
 A parent's soft sorrows to mine led the way ;
 The lesson of pity was caught from her eye,
 And, ere words were my own, I spoke in a sigh.

The nightingale plunder'd, the mate-widow'd dove,
 The warbled complaint of the suffering grove,
 To youth as it ripen'd gave sentiment new,
 The object still changing, the sympathy true.

Soft embers of passion yet rest in the glow---
 A warmth of more pain may this breast never know !
 Or, if too indulgent the blessing I claim,
 Let the spark drop from reason that wakens the flame.

XXXI.

By John Milton.

SWEET Echo! sweetest nymph! that liv'st unseen,
 Within thine airy cell,
 By slow Meander's margent green,
 And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
 Where the love-lorn nightingale
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well;
 Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair,
 That likest thy Narcissus are?
 Oh! if thou have hid them in some flow'ry cave,
 Tell me but where,
 Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the sphere!
 So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
 And give resounding grace to all Heav'n's harmonies!

XXXII.

THE REQUEST.

INDULGENT Pow'rs, if ever
 You mark'd a tender vow,
 Oh, bend in kind compassion,
 And hear a lover now.

 For titles, wealth, and honours,
 While others crowd your shrine,
 I ask this only blessing;
 Let her I love be mine.

XXXIII.

THE SEDUCED FAIR.

SHE came from the hills of the West;
A smile of contentment she wore;
Her heart was a garden of rest;
But, ah! the sweet season is o'er.

How oft, by the streams in the wood,
Delighted, she'd ramble and rove!
And, while she flood marking the flood,
Would tune up a stanza of love.

In rural diversion and play,
The Summers glid smoothly along;
And her Winters pass'd briskly away,
Cheer'd up with a tale or a song.

At length a destroyer came by,
A youth of more person than parts,
Well skill'd in the arts of the eye,
The conquest and havock of hearts.

He led her by fountains and streams,
He woo'd her with sonnets and books;
He told her his tales and his dreams,
And mark'd their effect in her looks.

He taught her by midnight to roam,
Where spirits and spectres affright;
For passions increase with the gloom,
And caution expires with the light.

At length, like a rose from the spray,
Like a lily just pluckt from the stem,
She droop'd, and she faded away,
Thrown by and neglected like them.

XXXIV.

TO DELIA.

By Lord Lyttelton.

THE heavy hours are almost past,
That part my love and me ;
My longing eyes may hope at last
Their only wish to see :
But how, my Delia, will you meet
The man you've lost so long ?
Will love in all your pulses beat,
And tremble on your tongue ?

Will you in ev'ry look declare,
Your heart is still the same ;
And heal each idly anxious care,
Our fears in absence frame ?
Thus, Delia, thus I paint the scene,
When we shall shortly meet,
And try what yet remains between
Of loit'ring time to cheat.

But if the dream, that soothes my mind,
Shall false and groundless prove ;
If I am doom'd at length to find,
You have forgot to love ;

All I of Venus ask is this,
No more to let us join ;
But grant me here the flatt'ring blifs,
To die, and think you mine.

XXXV.

THE BASHFUL LOVER.

SWEET tyrant Love, but hear me now ;
And cure, while young, the pleasing smart ;
Or rather aid my trembling vow ;
And teach me to reveal my heart.

Tell her, whose goodness is my bane,
Whose looks have smil'd my peace away,
Ah ! whisper how she gives me pain,
While undefigning, frank, and gay.

'Tis not for common charms I sigh ;
Nor what the vulgar Beauty call ;
'Tis not a lip, a cheek, an eye ;
But 'tis the soul that lights them all.

For that I drop this tender tear ;
For that I breathe this artless moan :
Oh ! whisper love into her ear ;
And make the bashful lover known.

XXXVI.

LADY JANE GRAY'S LAMENTATION.

FROM these dread walls, this melancholy tow'r,
Doom'd the sad victim of relentless Pow'r ;
Where Ruin sits in gloomy pomp array'd,
And circling Horrors spread their mournful shade ;
I send the tribute of a short'ning life,
The last memorial of a faithful Wife :
For ev'ry hope on this side Heav'n is fled,
And Death's pale banner waves around my head.
It yet perchance may cheer my Lord to know,
That Suffolk's Daughter sinks not with her woe :
Beneath its weight I feel myself resign'd ;
Though strong its pressure, stronger still my mind.
This duty paid to Thee, each care is o'er,
Nor my hard fortune shall distress me more.

XXXVII.

ADDRESS TO THE RIVER STOUR.

ON thy banks, gentle Stour, when I breath'd the soft flute
To Chloe's sweet accents, attention sat mute ;
To her voice with what transport I swell'd the slow strain,
Or return'd dying measures in echoes again !
Little Cupid beat time, and the Graces around
Taught with even divisions to vary the sound.

From my Chloe remov'd, when I bid it complain,
 And warble smooth numbers to soothe love-sick pain,
 How much alter'd it seems, as the rising notes flow !
 And the soft falling strains, how insipidly flow !
 I will play then no more---for 'tis her voice alone
 Must enrapture my soul to enliven its tone.

XXXVIII.

THE CLOSE OF SPRING.

THE garlands fade, that Spring so lately wove ;
 Each simple flow'r which she had nurs'd in dew ;
 Anemonies, that spangled ev'ry grove,
 The primrose wan, and hare-bell mildly blue.

No more shall vi'lets linger in the dell,
 Or purple * orchis variegate the plain ;
 Till Spring again shall call forth ev'ry bell,
 And dress with humid hands her wreaths again.

Ah, poor Humanity!--so frail, so fair
 Are the fond visions of thy early day ;
 Till tyrant Passions, and corrosive Care,
 Bid all thy fairy colours fade away.

Another May new buds and flow'rs shall bring :
 Ah ! why has Happiness no second Spring ?

* Orchis---' Long Purples ; which our old maids do Dead
 Men's Fingers call.'

SHAKESPEARE.

XXXIX.

By Matthew Prior, Esq.

THE pride of ev'ry grove I chose,
The vi'let sweet, and lily fair,
The dappled pink, and blushing rose,
To deck my charming Chloe's hair.

At morn the nymph vouchsaf'd to place
Upon her brow the various wreath ;
The flow'rs less blooming than her face,
The scent less fragrant than her breath,

The flow'rs she wore along the day ;
And ev'ry nymph and shepherd said,
That in her hair they look'd more gay,
Than glowing in their native bed.

XL.

QUEEN MARY'S LAMENTATION.

I sigh, and lament me in vain ;
These walls can but echo my moan :
Alas ! it increases my pain,
When I think on the days that are gone,

Thro' the grate of my prison I see
The birds, as they wanton in air ;
My heart, how it pants to be free !
My looks, they are wild with despair.

Above, tho' oppress'd by my fate,
 I burn with contempt for my foes;
 Tho' Fortune has alter'd my state,
 She ne'er can subdue me to those.

False Woman! in ages to come
 Thy malice detested shall be;
 And when we are cold in the tomb,
 Some heart still will sorrow for me.

Ye roofs, where cold damps and dismay,
 With silence and solitude dwell;
 How comfortless passes the day!
 How sad tolls the evening bell!

The owls from the battlements cry,
 Hollow winds seem to murmur around,
 'Oh, Mary! prepare thee to die!'
 My blood, it runs cold at the sound.

XLI.

WERTER AND CHARLOTTE.

WHEN Werter fair Charlotte beheld,
 As she danc'd with the nymphs on the green,
 He thought ev'ry maid she excell'd;
 And he prais'd the soft grace of her mien.

But, all her accomplishments known,
 Gentle Werter began to adore;
 He sighs for a heart not her own;
 And the joys of poor Werter are o'er.

Tho' vows the fair Charlotte engag'd,
As a friend, gentle Werter was dear ;
Her smiles oft his sorrow assuag'd,
While Pity has dropt a soft tear.

Urg'd by Love, he grew bold, and she cried,
' Werter, leave me, and see me no more.'
He sigh'd---he obey'd---and he died !
Then the sorrows of Werter deplore.

Ye nymphs, let not Cupid deceive,
Under Pity's soft garb hide his dart ;
Werter's sorrows are laid in the grave,
While Pity still wrings Charlotte's heart :

And oft o'er his grave has she cried,
While with flow'rets she deck'd it all o'er,
' He saw me---he lov'd---and he died :'
Then the sorrows of Werter deplore.

XLII.

THE DISCONSOLATE.

WHO to my wounds a balm advises,
But little knows what I endure ;
The patient's pain to torture rises, ■
When med'cine's tried, and fails to cure.

What can the wisest counsel teach me,
But sad remembrance of my grief ?
Alas ! your kindness cannot reach me ;
It gives but words---I ask relief.

XLIII.

THE CHARMS OF A PASTORAL LIFE.

WHEN western breezes fan the shore,
And gently swell the azure wave,
I yield unto the soft'ning Pow'r :
(The Muse's transport then would grieve.)

When loud the thick'ning tempests fly,
Enrage, and dash the foaming floods ;
From the rude scene I trembling hie,
And plunge into the safer woods,

Nor sea, nor deaf'ning din, is there,
The stormy fury straight does please :
I hear it sounding from afar ;
It sings or murmurs through the trees,

A fisherman I would not live,
Who labours in the pathless deep ;
Whose cruel art is to deceive,
Whose dwelling is a brittle ship.

Let me my bleating ewes attend,
(Harmless myself, and blest'd as they ;)
With them my morning-steps I'll bend,
With them I'll wait the closing day.

Now underneath a plane-tree laid,
Or careless by a lulling stream,
Let me enjoy the cooling shade,
Or sweetly sink into a dream.

XLIV.

ABSENCE LAMENTED.

YE nymphs and swains, that sweetly play
On Tweed's fam'd banks, or winding Tay,
Ah say, what happy spot detains
My Peggy, since she left these plains ?

Say, in what bow'r, beneath what shade,
Soft slumbers lull the gentle maid ;
For Love shall lend me wings to fly ;
And pow'rful Fancy place me nigh.

Alas ! the blissful scene how chang'd,
Where once we both with pleasure rang'd !
Not half so fair the lily springs ;
Not half so sweet the linnet sings.

Haste then, my lovely Fair, once more ;
Oh ! haste to bless the Southern shore ;
And April's clouds shall smile as gay
As all the blooming sweets of May.

Yet rather may the Fates deny
Thy beauties to my longing eye,
If Time a cruel change has wrought,
Or Tweed a sweeter lesson taught !

But should thy faithful shepherd find
His lovely Peggy still is kind,
Then absence shall thy charms improve ;
And I with double rapture love.

XLV.

By John Milton.

LET me wander, not unseen,
 By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green :
 There the ploughman, near at hand,
 Whistles o'er the furrow'd land ;
 And the milkmaid singeth blythe ;
 And the mower whets his scythe ;
 And every shepherd tells his tale
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.

XLVI.

HARVEST-HOME.

WHAT cheerful sounds salute our ears,
 And echo o'er the lawn !
 Behold ! the loaded car appears,
 In joyful triumph drawn.
 The nymphs and swains, a jovial band,
 Still shouting as they come,
 With rustic instruments in hand,
 Proclaim the harvest-home.

The golden sheaves, pil'd up on high,
 Within the barn are stor'd ;
 The careful hind, with secret joy
 Exulting, views his hoard.
 His labour's past, he counts his gains ;
 And, freed from anxious care,
 His casks are broach'd ; the sun-burnt swains
 His rural plenty share.

In dance and song the night is spent ;
All ply the flowing bowl ;
And jests and harmless merriment
Expand the artless soul.
Young Colin whispers Rosalind,
Who still reap'd by his side ;
And plights his troth, if she prove kind,
To take her for his bride.

For joys like these, through circling years,
Their toilsome task they tend :
The hind successive labours bears,
In prospect of the end ;
In Spring, or Winter, sows his seed,
Manures, or tills the soil :
In Summer various cares succeed ;
But harvest crowns his toil.

XLVII.

TO THE SOUTHERN GALES.

YE Southern Gales, that ever fly
In frolic April's vernal train,
Who, as ye skim along the sky,
Dip your light pinions in the main ;
Then shake them, fraught with genial show'rs,
O'er blooming Flora's primrose bow'rs :

Now cease awhile your wanton sport,
Now drive each threat'ning cloud away ;
Then to the flow'ry vale resort,
And hither all its sweets convey ;
And ever as ye dance along,
With softest murmurs aid my song.

XLVIII.

THE VALENTINE OF HOPELESS LOVE.

WAK'D by the breath of Spring, in ev'ry vale,
 The latent primrose rears her sickly head ;
 The virgin snow-drop decks her verdant bed ;
 And vi'lets blue perfume the passing gale.

The tuneful linnet plumes her speckled wing ;
 The tender stock-dove cooes in ev'ry grove ;
 The soaring lark sings loud the song of love---
 All nature owns thy influence---genial Spring !

All---all but me !---condemn'd by wayward Fate
 To bear Love's keenest arrow in my breast ;
 'Tis vain to wish---to hope, alas!--too late---
 No change of season brings my bosom rest.

A tear from thee is all the boon I crave,
 To wet the with'ring sod that marks my grave.

XLIX.

CELIA.

SOFT invader of my soul,
 Love ! who can thy pow'r controul ?
 All that haunt earth, air, and sea,
 Own thy force, and bow to thee.

All the dear enchanting day,
Celia steals my heart away ;
All the tedious lonely night,
Celia swims before my sight.

All that temptingly beguiles,
Sparkling eyes, and dimpling smiles ;
Ev'ry charm, and ev'ry grace,
Shine in Celia's beauteous face.

Open, gen'rous, free from art,
Virtue reigns within her heart ;
Modesty and truth, combin'd,
Suit her person to her mind.

Happy, happy were the swain,
Who might such a prize obtain !
Other joys he need not prove,
Blest enough in Celia's love.

L.

LOVELY JANE.

By J. M.

HORACE may his bright Lydia toast,
And Petrarch of his Laura boast,
And chaunt their am'rous pain ;
Could I attain their heav'nly fire,
In notes as sweet I'd tune the lyre
To sing of lovely Jane.

Fair Flora, when the dewy morn
 Her flow'ry bosom doth adorn,
 May boast her sweets in vain ;
 Not e'en the fragrant blushing rose
 Can beauties like the cheeks disclose
 Of sweetly-blooming Jane.

The lily may in vain contest
 For whiteness with her snowy breast,
 Which no rude passions stain ;
 Happy the man that can inspire
 That feat of love with soft desire,
 And win the lovely Jane !

LI.

DAMON AND FLAVIA.

NEAR a smooth river's lonely side,
 Where tuneful Naiads gently glide,
 A secret grotto stands ;
 Within a rock's hard bosom made,
 Hid in the gloom of awful shade ;
 The work of Nature's hands.

This sweet retreat, that once had been
 Of joy and love the chosen scene,
 Poor injur'd Flavia sought :
 But---to complain of Damon's vow
 There made and broke---she chose it now,
 With rage and sorrow fraught.

The hollow rock, where she reclin'd,
She thought was like false Damon's mind ;
His dark design---the shade ;
The deep smooth stream---his tempting face ;
Its sound---his tongue's deluding grace,
That won, and that betray'd.

Damon, one evening as he stray'd,
To meet some other tender maid,
O'erheard her mournful plaint ;
Her sighs, and tears, and soft despair
Infected all the neighbouring air,
And forc'd him to relent.

And now she thinks, since Damon's kind,
The steady rock still like his mind ;
His love---the friendly shade ;
The clear smooth stream---his lovely face ;
Its soothing sound---the tongue's soft grace,
That all her woes repaid.

" No more be fear'd, then, Fortune's powers !
" 'Tis Fancy all our bliss devours,
" Or gives content, we find.
" Men may be happy, if they please ;
" We are ourselves our own disease ;
" The fault is in the mind."

LII.

From the Greek of Sappho.---Translated by Mr. Phillips.

BEST as th' immortal Gods is he,
The youth, who fondly sits by thee ;
And sees, and hears thee, all the while,
Softly speak, and sweetly smile.

'Twas this depriv'd my soul of rest,
 And rais'd such tumults in my breast;
 For while I gaz'd, in transports tost,
 My breath was gone; my voice was lost.

My bosom glow'd; a sudden flame
 Ran quick through all my vital frame:
 O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung;
 My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd;
 My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd;
 My feeble pulse forgot to play;
 I fainted, sunk, and died away.

LIII.

By Mrs. Barbauld.

WHEN first, upon your tender cheek,
 I saw the morn of Beauty break,
 With mild and cheering beam,
 I bow'd before your infant shrine;
 The earliest sighs you had were mine,
 And you my darling theme.

I saw you, in that opening morn,
 For Beauty's boundless empire born,
 And first confess'd your sway;
 And ere your thoughts, devoid of art,
 Cou'd learn the value of a heart,
 I gave my heart away.

I watch'd the dawn of ev'ry grace,
And gaz'd upon that angel face,
While yet 'twas safe to gaze ;
I fondly blest each rising charm,
Nor thought such innocence could harm
The peace of future days.

But now, despotic, o'er the plains
The awful noon of Beauty reigns,
And kneeling crouds adore :
These charms arise too fiercely bright ;
Danger and death attend the sight,
And I must hope no more.

Thus to the rising god of day
Their early vows the Persians pay,
And blest the spreading fire,
Whose glowing chariot, mounting, soon
Pours on their heads the burning noon ;
They sicken and expire.

LIV.

By Dr. Smollet.

WHEN Sappho tun'd the raptur'd strain,
The list'ning wretch forgot his pain ;
With art divine the lyre she strung ;
Like thee she play'd, like thee she sung.

For, while she struck the quiv'ring wire,
The throbbing breast was all on fire ;
And, when she tun'd the vocal lay,
The captive soul was charm'd away.

But, had she added still to these
 Thy softer, chaster pow'r to please;
 Thy beauteous air of sprightly youth;
 Thy native smiles of artless truth;

She ne'er had pin'd beneath disdain;
 She ne'er had play'd and sung in vain;
 Despair had ne'er her soul possess'd,
 To dash on rocks the tender breast.

LV.

By Lord Lansdown.

PREPAR'D to rail, resolv'd to part,
 When I approach the perjur'd maid,
 What is it awes my tim'rous heart?
 Why is my tongue afraid?

With the least glance a little kind,
 Such wondrous pow'r have Mira's charms,
 She calms my doubts, enslaves my mind,
 And all my rage disarms.

Forgetful of her broken vows,
 When gazing on that form divine,
 Her injur'd vassal trembling bows,
 Nor dares her slave repine.

LVI.

From the Spanish of Camoens.

WHILE on my head kind Fortune deign'd to pour
 Her lavish boons, and, through my willing soul,
 Made tides of ecstasy and pleasure roll,
 I sang the raptures of each passing hour.
 But Love, who heard me praise the golden show'r,
 Resolv'd my fond presumption to controul;
 And painful darkness o'er my spirit stole,
 Left I should dare to tell his treach'rous pow'r.
 O ye, whom his hard yoke compels to bend
 To others' will! if in my various lay
 Sad plaints ye find, and fears, and cruel wrong,
 To suff'ring Nature, and to Truth attend;
 For, in the measure ye have felt his sway,
 Your sympathizing hearts will feel my song.

LVII.

ON THE DEATH OF THE POET'S MISTRESS, AT THE
 AGE OF TWENTY.

From the same.

Go, gentle Spirit, now supremely blest,
 From scenes of pain and struggling virtue go:
 From thy immortal seat of heav'nly rest,
 Behold us ling'ring in a world of woe!
 And if, beyond the grave, to Saints above
 Fond Mem'ry still the transient past portrays,
 Blame not the ardour of my constant love,
 Which in these longing eyes was wont to blaze.

But, if from Virtue's source my sorrows rise,
 For the sad loss I never can repair,
 Be thine to justify my endless sighs,
 And to the Pow'r divine prefer thy prayer,
 That Heav'n, who made thy span of life so brief,
 May shorten mine, and give my soul relief.

LVIII.

From the same.

WHILE, prest with woes, from which it cannot flee,
 My fancy sinks, and slumber seals my eyes,
 Her Spirit hastens in my dreams to rise,
 Who was in life but as a dream to me.
 O'er a drear waste, so wide no eye can see
 How far its sense-evading limit lies,
 I follow her quick step; but, ah! she flies!
 Our distance wid'ning, by stern Fate's decree.
 'Fly not from me, kind Shadow!' I exclaim:
 She, with fix'd eyes, that her soft thoughts reveal,
 And seem to say, 'Forbear thy fond design,'
 Still flies:---I call her; but her half-form'd name
 Dies on my falt'ring tongue.---I wake, and feel
 Not e'en one short delusion may be mine.

LIX.

By Dr. Smollet.

THY fatal shafts unerring move,
 I bow before thine altar, Love;
 I feel the soft resistless flame
 Glide swift through all my vital frame.

For, while I gaze, my bosom glows ;
My blood in tides impetuous flows ;
Hope, fear, and joy alternate roll ;
And floods of transport 'whelm my soul.

My falt'ring tongue attempts, in vain,
In soothing numbers to complain ;
My tongue some secret magic ties ;
My murmurs sink in broken sighs.

Condemn'd to nurse eternal care,
And ever drop the silent tear,
Unheard I mourn ; unknown I sigh ;
Unfriended live ; unpity'd die.

LX.

TO CYNTHIA.

THERE is one dark and fullen hour,
Which Fate decrees our lives should know ;
Else we should slight th' Almighty Pow'r,
Wrapt in the joys we find below :
'Tis past, dear Cynthia ! Now let frowns be gone ;
A long, long penance I have done,
For crimes, alas ! to me unknown.

In each soft hour of silent night,
Your image in my dream appears ;
I grasp the soul of my delight,
Slumber in joys, but wake in tears.
Ah ! faithless, charming Saint, what will you do ?
Let me not think I am by you
Lov'd less, for being true.

LXI.

By Percy.

O NANCY, wilt thou go with me,
Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town?
Can silent glens have charms for thee,
The lowly cot and russet gown?
No longer dress'd in silken sheen,
No longer deck'd with jewels rare,
Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nancy, when thou'rt far away,
Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?
Say, canst thou face the parching ray,
Nor shrink before the wintry wind?
O can that soft and gentle mien
Extremes of hardship learn to bear;
Nor, sad, regret each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nancy, canst thou love so true,
Through perils keen with me to go?
Or, when thy swain mishap shall rue,
To share with him the pangs of woe?
Say, should disease or pain befall,
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care?
Nor, wistful, those gay scenes recal,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
And cheer with smiles the bed of death?

And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay
Strew flow'rs, and drop the tender tear ?
Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair ?

LXII.

RUSTIC CHARMS.

By T. A.

No, no, 'tis in vain, in this turbulent town,
To expect either pleasure or rest ;
To hurry and nonsense still tying us down,
'Tis an overgrown prison at best.

From hence to the country escaping away,
Leave the croud and the bustle behind ;
You there will see liberal Nature display
A thousand delights to mankind.

The change of the season, the sports of the field,
The sweetly diversified scene ;
Groves, gardens, and all things combining, to yield
An happiness ever serene.

There, free from ambition, from avarice free,
My Summer I'll quietly spend ;
While the cits, and the courtiers, unenvied by me,
May gather up wealth without end.

No, thank 'em ; I'll never, to add to my store,
My peace and my freedom resign :
Who would, for the sake of possessing the ore,
Be sentenc'd to dig in the mine ?

LXIII.

By W. Shenstone, Esq.

PERHAPS it is not love, said I,
That melts my soul when Flavia's nigh :
Where wit and sense like her's agree,
One may be pleas'd, and yet be free.

The beauties of her polish'd mind,
It needs no lover's eye to find ;
The hermit freezing in his cell
Might wish the gentle Flavia well.

It is not love-----averse to bear
The servile chain that lovers wear,
Let, let me all my fears remove,
My doubts dispel---it is not love---

Oh ! when did wit so brightly shine,
In any form less fair than thine ?
It is---it is Love's subtle fire,
And under friendship lurks desire.

LXIV.

TO REMEMBRANCE.

O SOFT Remembrance ! airy sprite ;
Thou second life of bliss and pain :
Exquisite sense of keen delight ;
Who giv'st our feelings back again :

How bright thy downy slumbers are !
Where Love with tender Fancy beams :
The sweetest notes, which fleet in air,
Awake at once thy fairy dreams.

But Hope, too long deluded, joins
No more with thine her lovely form ;
Nor copies, from thy fainter lines,
The scenes her strong ideas warm.

LXV.

BEAUTY DEFINED.

'Tis not the liquid brightness of those eyes,
That swim with pleasure and delight ;
Nor those fair heav'nly arches which arise
O'er each of them to shade their light :
'Tis not that hair which plays with ev'ry wind,
And loves to wanton round thy face ;
Now straying o'er thy forehead, now behind
Retiring with insidious grace.

'Tis not that lovely range of teeth, as white
As new-shorn sheep, equal and fair ;
Nor ev'n that gentle smile, the heart's delight,
With which no smile could e'er compare :
'Tis not that chin so round, that neck so fine,
Those breasts that swell to meet my love ;
That easy sloping waist, that form divine,
Nor aught below, nor aught above.

'Tis not the living colours over each,
 By Nature's finest pencil wrought,
 To shame the fresh-blown rose, and blooming peach,
 And mock the happiest painter's thought :
 But 'tis that gentle mind, that ardent love,
 So kindly answering my desire ;
 That grace with which you look, and speak, and move,
 That thus have set my soul on fire.

LXVI.

LOVE THE ALL OF LIFE.

By General Burgoyne.

WHEN first this humble roof I knew,
 With various cares I strove ;
 My grain was scarce, my sheep were few,
 My All of Life was Love.

By mutual toil our board was dress'd,
 The spring our drink bestow'd ;
 But, when her lip the brim had press'd,
 The cup with nectar flow'd.

Content and Peace the dwelling shar'd ;
 No other guest came nigh :
 In them was giv'n (tho' Gold was spar'd)
 What Gold could never buy.

No value has a splendid lot,
 But as the means to prove,
 That, from the castle to the cot,
 The All of Life is Love.

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LXVII.

By Dr. Smollet.

ADIEU, ye streams, that smoothly flow;
Ye vernal airs, that softly blow;
Ye plains, by blooming Spring array'd;
Ye birds, that warble through the shade!

Unhurt from you my soul could fly,
Nor drop one tear, nor heave one sigh;
But, forc'd from Delia's charms to part,
All joy deserts my drooping heart.

O! fairer than the dewy morn,
When flow'rs the verdant fields adorn;
Unfollied as the genial ray,
That warms the balmy breeze of May;

Thy charms divinely bright appear,
And add new splendour to the year;
Improve the day with fresh delight,
And gild with joy the dreary night.

LXVIII.

HYMEN.

By M. P. Andrews, Esq.

'Tis yours to possess, if you practise no harm,
In the fulness of joy, life's most exquisite charm;
What no wealth can procure, what no pow'r can remove,
That purest of passions, the virgin's first love.

How sweet, in the candour of youth, to impart
The earliest impression that fixes the heart !
Which fondly betrays, while it strives to reprove
The glance, and the sigh, and the whisper of love.

O! cherish that bliss, which so rarely is found ;
Be your vows with the wreath of fidelity crown'd ;
Then blest in the wife, new endearments you'll prove,
To equal the charms of the virgin's first love.

LXIX.

ANNA.

BLOW, blow, thou Summer's breeze,
O gently fan the trees,
That form yon fragrant bow'r ;
Where Anna, loveliest maid !
On Nature's carpet laid,
Enjoys the ev'ning hour.

Hence, hence, ye objects foul,
The beetle, bat, and owl,
The hagworm, newt, and toad ;
But fairy elves, unseen,
May gambol o'er the green,
And circle her abode.

Shed, shed thy sweetest beams,
In party-colour'd streams,
Thou fount of heat and light ;
No, no ; withdraw thy ray ;
Her eyes diffuse a day
As kind, as warm, as bright.

Breathe, breathe thy incense, May;
Ye flow'rs, your homage pay
 To one more fair and sweet :
Ye op'ning rose-buds, shed
Your fragrance round her head ;
 Ye lilies, kiss her feet.

Flow, flow, thou crystal rill ;
With tinkling gurgles fill
 The mazes of the grove :
And should thy murm'ring stream
Invite my love to dream,
 O may she dream of love !

Sing, sing, ye feather'd choir,
And melt to fond desire
 Her too obdurate breast :
Then, in that tender hour,
I'll steal into the bow'r,
 And teach her to be blest.

LXX.

HOPE.

By Dr. Goldsmith.

'THE wretch condemn'd with life to part,
Still, still on Hope relies ;
And ev'ry pang that rends the heart
 Bids Expectation rise.

Hope, like the glimm'ring taper's light,
 Adorns and cheers the way;
 And still, as darker grows the night,
 Emits a brighter ray.

LXXI.

THE COMPLAINT.

ON pleasure's smooth wing how old time steals away,
 Ere love's fatal flame leads the shepherd astray :
 My days, O ye swains ! were a round of delight,
 From the cool of the morn to the stillness of night ;
 No care found a place in my cottage or breast,
 But health with content all the year was my guest.

'Twas then no fair Phillis my heart could ensnare,
 With voice, or with feature, with dress, or with air ;
 So kindly young Cupid had pointed the dart,
 That I gather'd the sweets without feeling the smart :
 I toy'd for a while, then I rov'd like a bee ;
 But still all my song was, I'll ever be free.

'Twas then ev'ry object fresh raptures could yield ;
 If I stray'd thro' the garden, or travers'd the field,
 A thousand gay scenes were display'd to my sight ;
 If the nightingale sung, I could listen all night ;
 With my reed I could pipe to the tune of the stream,
 And awake to new life from a rapturous dream.

But now, since for Hebe in secret I sigh,
 Alas, what a change ! and how wretched am I !

Adieu to the charms of the valley and glade !
 Their sweets now all sicken, their colours all fade ;
 No music I find in soft Philomel's strain,
 And the brook o'er the pebbles now murmurs in vain.

They say that she's kind, but no kindness I see ;
 On others she smiles, but she frowns upon me :
 Then teach me, bright Venus, persuasion's soft art,
 Or aid me, by reason, to ransom my heart ;
 To crown my desire, or to banish my pain,
 Give love to the nymph, or give ease to the swain.

LXXII.

SONNET TO MR. JACKSON, OF EXETER.

By Peter Pindar, Esq.

ENCHANTING Harmonist ! the art is thine,
 Unmatch'd, to pour the soul-dissolving air,
 That seems poor weeping Virtue's hymn divine,
 Soothing the wounded bosom of Despair.

O say, what Minstrel of the sky hath giv'n
 To swell the dirge, so musically lorn ?
 Declare, hath dove-ey'd Pity left her heav'n,
 And lent thy happy hand her lyre to mourn ?

So sad, thy songs of hopeless hearts complain,
 Love, from his Cyprian isle, prepares to fly ;
 He hastes to listen to thy tender strain,
 And learn from thee, to breathe a sweeter sigh.

LXXIII.

By Sir Charles Sedley.

Not, Celia, that I juster am,
Or truer than the rest;
For I would change each hour, like them,
Were it my interest.

But I'm so fix'd alone to thee,
By ev'ry thought I have,
That, should you now my heart set free,
'Twould be again your slave.

All that in woman is ador'd,
In thy dear self I find;
For the whole sex can but afford
The handsome, and the kind.

Not to my virtue, but thy power,
This constancy is due;
When change itself can give no more,
'Tis easy to be true.

LXXIV.

By Mrs. Cowley.

SWEET rosy Sleep, O! do not fly;
Bind the soft fillet on his eye;
That o'er each grace my own may rove,
And feast my hopeless, joyless love.

For, when he lifts those shaded lids,
His chilling glance such blifs forbids ;
Then, rosy Sleep, O do not fly,
But bind thy fillet on his eye.

LXXV.

THE CONFESSION.

DEJECTED as true converts die,
But yet with fervent thoughts inflam'd ;
So, fairest ! at your feet I lie,
Of all my sex's faults asham'd.

Too long, alas ! have I defy'd
The force of Love's almighty flame ;
And often did aloud deride
His godhead, as an empty name.

But, since so freely I confess
A crime, which may your scorn produce,
Allow me now to make it less,
By any just and fair excuse.

I then did vulgar joys pursue ;
Variety was all my blifs ;
But, ignorant of Love and you,
How could I chuse but do amiss ?

If ever now my wand'ring eyes
Search out temptation, as before ;
If once I look, but to despise
Their charms, and value yours the more ;

May sad remorse, and guilty shame,
 Revenge your wrongs on faithless me;
 And, what I tremble e'en to name,
 May I lose all, in losing thee!

LXXVI.

ASPASIA.

By Miss Aikin.

ASPASIA rolls her sparkling eyes,
 And ev'ry bosom feels her pow'r:
 The Indians thus view Phœbus rise,
 And gaze in rapture, and adore.
 Quick to the soul the piercing splendours dart,
 Fire ev'ry vein, and melt the coldest heart.

Aspasia speaks; the list'ning croud
 Drink in the sound with greedy ears;
 Mute are the giddy and the loud,
 And self-admiring Folly hears.
 Her wit secures the conquests of her face;
 Points ev'ry charm, and heightens ev'ry grace.

Aspasia moves; her well-turn'd limbs
 Glide stately with harmonious ease;
 Now thro' the mazy dance she swims,
 Like a tall bark o'er summer seas:
 'Twas thus Æneas knew the queen of love,
 Majestic moving thro' the golden grove.

But, ah ! how cruel is my lot,
To doat on one so heav'nly fair !
For, in my humble state forgot,
Each charm but adds to my despair.
The tuneful swan thus faintly warbling lies,
Looks on his mate, and whilst he sings he dies.

LXXVII.

TO CYNTHIA.

By Peter Pindar, Esq.

O THOU ! whose love-inspiring air
Delights, yet gives a thousand woes ;
My Day declines in dark despair,
And Night hath lost her sweet repose :

Yet who, alas ! like me was blest,
To others ere thy charms were known ;
When Fancy told my raptur'd breast,
That Cynthia smil'd on me alone ?

Nymph of my soul, forgive my sighs ;
Forgive the jealous fires I feel ;
Nor blame the trembling wretch, who dies,
When others to thy beauties kneel.

Lo ! theirs is ev'ry winning art,
With Fortune's gifts---unknown to me !
I only boast a simple heart,
In love with Innocence, and Thee.

LXXVIII.

THE INVOCATION.

COME, gentle god of soft repose !
 Come soothe this tortur'd breast ;
 Shed kind oblivion o'er my woes,
 And lull my cares to rest.

Come, gentle god ! without thy aid
 I sink in dark despair ;
 O wrap me in the silent shade ;
 For peace is only there.

Let Hope, in some propitious dream,
 Her bright illusions spread ;
 Once more let rays of comfort beam
 Around my drooping head.

O quickly send thy kind relief,
 These heart-felt pangs remove ;
 Let me forget myself, my grief,
 And ev'ry care but love.

LXXIX.

By Matthew Prior, Esq.

THE merchant, to secure his treasure,
 Conveys it in a borrow'd name :
 Euphelia serves to grace my measure ;
 But Chloe is my real flame.

My softest verse, my darling lyre,
Upon Euphelia's toilet lay ;
When Chloe noted her desire
That I should sing, that I should play.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise,
But with my numbers mix my sighs ;
And whilst I sing Euphelia's praise,
I fix my soul on Chloe's eyes.

Fair Chloe blush'd ; Euphelia frown'd :
I sung and gaz'd ; I play'd and trembled :
And Venus, to the Loves around,
Remark'd how ill we all dissembled.

LXXX.

*By the Earl of Gainsborough **.

THE Persians stretch their votive arms
To Phœbus in his rising state ;
I gaze on dear Myrtilla's charms,
And meet those eyes that dart my fate.

So the fond moth round tapers plays,
Nor dreams of death in such bright fires :
With joy he hastes into the blaze ;
He courts his doom, and there expires.

* Baptist Noel, the fourth Earl.

LXXXI.

By Lord Lyttelton.

SAY, Myra, why is gentle Love
A stranger to that mind,
Which pity and esteem can move;
Which can be just and kind?

Is it, because you fear to share
The ills that Love molest;
The jealous doubt, the tender care,
That rack the amorous breast?

Alas! by some degree of woe
We ev'ry bliss must gain:
The heart can ne'er a transport know
That never feels a pain.

LXXXII.

By David Garrick, Esq.

LET Beauty with the Sun arise,
To Shakespeare tribute pay;
Let heav'nly smiles, and sparkling eyes,
Give lustre to the day.

Each smile she gives protects his name;
And who shall dare to frown?
Not Envy's self can blast the fame,
Which Beauty deigns to crown.

LXXXIII.

By Dr. Smollet.

WHERE now are all my flatt'ring dreams of joy ?
Monimia, give my soul her wonted rest ;
Since first thy beauty fix'd my roving eye,
Heart-gnawing cares corrode my pensive breast.

Let happy lovers fly where pleasures call,
With festive songs beguile the fleeting hour ;
Lead Beauty thro' the mazes of the ball,
Or press her wanton in Love's roseate bow'r.

For me, no more I'll range th' empurpled mead,
Where shepherds pipe, and virgins dance around ;
Nor wander thro' the woodbine's fragrant shade,
To hear the music of the grove resound.

I'll seek some lonely church, or dreary hall,
Where fancy paints the glimm'ring taper blue ;
Where damps hang mould'ring on the ivy'd wall,
And sheeted ghosts drink up the midnight dew :

There, leagu'd with hopeless anguish and despair,
A while in silence o'er my fate repine :
Then, with a long farewell to love and care,
To kindred dust my weary limbs consign.

Wilt thou, Monimia, shed a gracious tear
On the cold grave, where all my sorrows rest ?
Strew vernal flow'rs, applaud my love sincere,
And bid the turf lie easy on my breast ?

LXXXIV.

By General Burgoyne.

THE sleepless bird, from eve to morn,
Renews her plaintive strain ;
Presses her bosom to the thorn,
And courts th' inspiring pain.

But, ah ! how vain the skill of song,
To wake the vocal air ;
With passion trembling on the tongue,
And in the heart despair !

LXXXV.

By Mr. Thomson.

HARD is the fate of him who loves,
Yet dares not tell his trembling pain,
But to the sympathetic groves,
But to the lonely list'ning plain.

Oh, when she blesses next your shade,
Oh, when her footsteps next are seen,
In flow'ry tracks along the mead,
In fresher mazes o'er the green,

Ye gentle spirits of the vale,
To whom the tears of Love are dear,
From dying lilies waft a gale,
And sigh my sorrows in her ear.

O, tell her what she cannot blame,
Tho' fear my tongue must ever bind ;
Oh, tell her, that my virtuous flame
Is, as her spotless soul, refin'd.

Not her own guardian angel eyes
With chaster tenderness his care ;
Not purer her own wishes rise,
Not holier her own sighs in pray'r.

But if, at first, her virgin fear
Should start at Love's suspected name,
With that of Friendship soothe her ear---
True Love and Friendship are the same.

LXXXVI.

AIR.

In Hurly-Burly : or, The Fairy of the Well.

THOUGH, as a shield against surprise,
The cautious tongue may silence prove ;
Unable to assume disguise,
The eyes still tell the tale of love.

In foreign climes, th' untutor'd mind
The bars of speech may not remove ;
But still the eyes a language find,
In which they tell the tale of love.

LXXXVII.

THE ALTERATION.

WHEN clouds that angel face deform,
 Anxious I view the growing storm ;
 When angry lightnings arm thine eye,
 And tell the gath'ring tempest nigh ;
 I curse the sex, and bid adieu
 To female friendship, love, and you.

But when soft passions rule your breast,
 And each kind look some Love has dress'd ;
 When cloudless Smiles around you play,
 And give the world a holiday ;
 I bless the hour when first I knew
 Dear female friendship, love, and you.

LXXXVIII.

By Sir Richard Steele.

FROM place to place, forlorn I go,
 With downcast eyes, a silent shade ;
 Forbidden to declare my woe ;
 To speak, till spoken to, afraid.

My inward pangs, my secret grief,
 My soft consenting looks betray :
 He loves, but gives me no relief ;
 Alas ! why speaks not he---who may ?

LXXXIX.

By John Dryden, Esq.

Go, tell Amynta, gentle swain,
I would not die, nor dare complain :
Thy tuneful voice with numbers join,
Thy words will more prevail than mine.
To souls, oppress'd and dumb with grief,
The Gods ordain this kind relief ;
That music should, in sounds, convey
What dying lovers dare not say.

A sigh or tear perhaps she'll give ;
But Love on pity cannot live :
Tell her, that hearts for hearts were made,
And Love with love is only paid.
Tell her, my pains so fast increase,
That soon they will be past redress ;
But, ah ! the wretch, that speechless lies,
Attends but Death to close his eyes.

XC.

ANNA.

As erst to Damon's sacred shade
These eyes their grateful tribute paid,
Of many a tear beguil'd ;
Sweet Anna saw my tender grief,
And in kind pity brought relief ;
She kiss'd me, and I smil'd.

Ambition next my bosom warm'd ;
Adieu each softer care !---Alarm'd,
 The fair enchantress came :
One kiss infus'd a gentler fire ;
I felt the noble heat expire,
 And curs'd the phantom Fame.

Transfixt by Fancy's poison'd dart,
When late my inly-wounded heart
 Consum'd in silent pain ;
Like wounded Edward's generous bride,
Sweet Anne her balmy lips apply'd,
 And drew out all the bane.

Strange to relate, the tygress, Rage,
Her gentle kisses can assuage,
 And in soft fetters bind :
Not music's pow'rful charms e'er gain'd,
Or calm philosophy attain'd,
 Such empire o'er the mind.

Then to secure my peace and bliss,
Sweet Anne, in one eternal kiss,
 Breathe in th' all-healing balm :
No---cease, thou fatal fond desire---
Ah, treacherous kisses ! you inspire
 More passions than you calm.

XCI.

By General Burgoyne.

ENCOMPASS'D in an angel's frame,
An angel's virtues lay ;
Too soon did Heav'n assert the claim,
And call its own away.

My Anna's worth, my Anna's charms
Must never more return !
What now shall fill these widow'd arms ?
Ah, me ! my Anna's urn !

XCII.

THE SUPPLICATION.

AUSPICIOUS spirits, guard my love,
In time of danger near him 'bide ;
With outspread wings around him move,
And turn each random ball aside.

And you, his foes, tho' hearts of steel,
Oh, may you then with me accord ;
A sympathetic passion feel,
Behold his face, and drop the sword.

Ye winds, your blust'ring fury leave ;
Like airs that o'er the garden sweep,
Breathe soft in sighs, and gently heave
The calm, smooth bosom of the deep ;

Till, halcyon peace return'd once more,
 From blasts secure, and hostile harms,
 My sailor views his native shore,
 And harbours safe in these fond arms.

XCIII.

THE ENAMOUR'D FAIR.

AH! why must words my flame reveal?
 Why needs my Damon bid me tell
 What all my actions prove?
 A blush, whene'er I meet his eye,
 Whene'er I hear his name, a sigh
 Betrays my secret love.

In all their sports upon the plain,
 My eyes still fix'd on him remain,
 And him alone approve:
 The rest unheeded dance or play,
 From all he steals my praise away;
 And can he doubt my love?

Whene'er we meet, my looks confess
 The joys that all my soul possess,
 And ev'ry care remove:
 Still, still, too short appears his stay;
 The moments fly too fast away,
 Too fast for my fond love.

Does any speak in Damon's praise?
 So pleas'd am I with all he says,
 I ev'ry word approve:

But is he blam'd, altho' in jest ?
I feel resentment fire my breast,
Alas ! because I love.

But, ah ! what tortures tear my heart,
When I suspect his looks impart
The least desire to rove !
I hate the maid that gives me pain ;
Yet him to hate I strive in vain,
For, ah ! that hate is love.

Then ask not words, but read mine eyes,
Believe my blushes, trust my sighs,
My passion these will prove :
Words oft deceive, and spring from art ;
The true expressions of my heart
To Damon, must be love.

XCIV.

TO FANCY.

OH ! Fancy, thou, whose magic power
Adds to the silence of the grove,
The citron breeze that sweeps the bower,
The joys of friendship and of love---

Say, does not this your power evade,
And does not this your art defy,
To paint more pure, more fair the maid,
That wakes this lyre, and calls this sigh ?---

XCV.

By Mr. O'Keeffe.

THE tuneful birds how sweet they sing !
 How gay the dainty flowrets spring !
 How light the milkmaid's brimming pail,
 As chaunting o'er the flow'ry dale !
 'Tis Love that wafts her blythe along,
 That paints the flowers, and tunes the song.

XCVI.

DELIA.

MY Delia was all my delight ;
 But she shuns me, and why do I sigh ?
 She flies like a fawn from my sight ;
 Yet I follow, and cannot tell why.

The beauties of Delia's mind,
 Ah! shepherds, you cannot compare ;
 But the fairest of features combin'd---
 And I lov'd her because she was fair.

They say that a wealthier swain,
 That Palemon has charm'd her away---
 Palemon's the pride of the plain,
 Or I could not believe what they say.

Why did not the Graces attire,
 The little Loves lend me their aid ?---
 Or why was I doom'd to admire
 So lovely, so graceful a maid ?

XCVII.

By Mr. O'Keeffe.

DANS votre lit, that bright parterre,
Should Flora bloom a lily fair,
A smiling jonquil I could be,
To blow, sweet flow'r, beside of thee ;
Dans votre lit.

Or nodding on the thorny bush,
You droop to hide the rose's blush ;
The leafy umbrage make of me,
And in this breast you'll shelter'd be ;
Dans votre lit.

When ev'ry flow'r, that paints the ground,
Throws smiles and odours all around,
Sweet flow'r, I'll prove thy faithful bee,
And honey sip from none but thee ;
Dans votre lit.

XCVIII.

SPRING.

By G. A. Stevens.

Look round, my Love ! how chang'd the scene,
So late white o'er with snow !
Now, 'ray'd in flow'r-enamell'd green,
How rich the meadows shew !

The Sun creative pow'r resumes,
 And warms the breezy air ;
 The bursting buds expand their blooms ;
 While birds their nests prepare.

The herds and flocks on herbage feed ;
 Sweet Spring renews its pride :
 The ice-bound streams, from fetters freed,
 Now, tinkling, roll their tide.

On leafless boughs, no candied frost
 In icicles appears ;
 But, as in grief for Winter lost,
 Dissolving into tears.

Thus fordid, senseless human kind
 But mere existence prove ;
 Till Beauty's sunshine opes the mind,
 And melts the mass to love.

For, spite of Wealth, or Pow'r's controul,
 Or all the wife can say,
 Till woman warms the frozen soul,
 We are but clods of clay.

XCIX.

By Peter Pindar, Esq.

FROM her, alas ! whose smile was love,
 I wander to some lonely cell ;
 My sighs too weak the maid to move,
 I bid the flatt'rer Hope farewell.

Be all her little arts forgot,
That fill'd my bosom with alarms :
Ah! let her crime---a little spot---
Be lost amidst her blaze of charms.

As on I wander flow, my sighs,
At ev'ry step, for Cynthia mourn :
My anxious heart within me dies ;
And, sinking, whispers, ' O ! return.'

Deluded heart ! thy folly know ;
Nor fondly nurse the fatal flame :
By absence thou shalt lose thy woe,
And only flutter at her name.

C.

THE REMEDY.

WHILE from my looks, fair nymph, you guess
The secret passions of my mind,
My conscious eyes, you say, confess
A heart to love and grief inclin'd.

There wants, alas ! but little art,
To have this fatal secret found :
With the same ease you threw the dart,
'Tis certain you can cure the wound.

CI.

By Miss Charlotte Smith.

O! HOPE, thou soother sweet of human woes!
 How shall I lure thee to my haunts forlorn?
 For me wilt thou renew the wither'd rose,
 And clear my painful path of pointed thorn?

Ah! come, sweet nymph, in smiles and softness dress,
 Like the young Hours, that lead the tender Year;
 Enchantress, come, and charm my cares to rest:
 Alas! the flatterer flies, and will not hear.

A prey to grief, anxiety, and pain,
 Must I a sad existence still deplore:
 Lo! the flow'rs fade, but all the thorns remain;
 For me the vernal garland blooms no more.

CII.

SONNET, TO HEALTH.

By Mr. Mallet.

FAIR Morn appears; soft Zephyr's wing,
 O'er hill and dale, renews the Spring:
 Here are thy walks, O sacred Health!
 The monarch's bliss, the beggar's wealth.

O! thou, most courted, most despis'd,
 And but in absence duly priz'd!
 O! Sun of life, whose heav'nly ray
 Lights up and cheers our vary'd way,

Thou art beheld, at early dawn,
Slow pacing o'er the breezy lawn :
The Spirits, when they gayest shine,
Youth, Beauty, Pleasure, all are thine.

CIII.

THE INESTIMABLE VALUE OF LOVE.

By Dr. Johnson.

Nor the soft sighs of vernal gales,
The fragrance of the flow'ry vales,
The murmurs of the crystal rill,
The vocal grove, the verdant hill ;
Not all their charms, tho' all unite,
Can touch my bosom with delight.

Not all the gems on India's shore,
Not all Peru's unbounded store,
Not all the pow'r, nor all the fame,
That heroes, kings, or poets claim ;
Nor knowledge, which the learn'd approve,
To form one wish my soul can move.

Yet Nature's charms allure my eyes ;
And knowledge, wealth, and fame I prize :
Fame, wealth, and knowledge, I obtain ;
Nor seek I Nature's charms in vain :
In lovely Stella all combine ;
And, lovely Stella ! thou art mine.

CIV.

To ECHO.

By George Keate, Esq.

SPORTIVE Genius of the Green,
 Frequent heard, yet never seen,
 Tripping o'er with printless speed,
 Fairy-like, each flow'ry mead,
 Ranging ev'ry hill along,
 Stealing ev'ry plowman's song;
 Whether waving in the wood,
 Whether skimming o'er the flood,
 Panting on the southern gale,
 Or reposing in the vale,
 Posting on a Zephyr's wing
 Hither come; and with thee bring
 Gentle Hope, to solace one
 By a cruel nymph undone:
 Hear me, where beneath the shade,
 Pensive mourner, I am laid,
 Deaf to Music's native note,
 Pour'd from many a warbler's throat;
 Blind to all which pleas'd before;
 Smiling landscapes charm no more.

Waft my sighs to yonder plains,
 Where the haughty Fair-one reigns,
 Who, with Beauty's subtle art,
 Chains, and triumphs o'er my heart;
 Let their murmur reach her ears;
 Tell her all my hopes, and fears;

She alone lost peace can give :
Tell her, 'tis for her I live ;
Tell her, to my passion true,
Tho' repuls'd, I still pursue ;
That her graces I adore ;
Tell her also---but, no more---
Love admits of no delay ;
Little Mimic, haste away.

CV.

By Viscount Molesworth.

ALMERIA's face, her shape, her air,
With charms resistless wound the heart :
In vain you for defence prepare,
When from her eyes Love throws his dart.

So strong, so swift the arrow flies,
Such sure destruction flying makes,
The bold opposer quickly dies ;
The fugitive it overtakes.

Nor stratagem, nor force avails ;
No feign'd submission sets you free ;
One look o'er all your art prevails ;
There's no way safe, but not to see.

For, such the magic of her charms,
And wounding she does so allure,
The inexperienced court their harms ;
The wounded never wish a cure.

CVI.

By Mr. O'Keeffe.

O^H, lingering Time, why with us stay,
When absent Love we mourn ?
And why so nimbly glide away,
At our true Love's return ?

Ah, gentle Time, the youth attend,
Whose absence here I mourn ;
The cheerful hours in pity send,
That bring my Love's return.

I feel my heart with rapture beat ;
No longer shall I mourn ;
My Lover soon with smiles I'll meet,
And hail his dear return.

CVII.

By General Burgoyne.

COME sing round my favourite tree,
Ye songsters that visit the grove ;
'Twas the haunt of my Shepherd and me ;
And the bark is a record of love.

Reclin'd on the turf by my side,
He tenderly pleaded his cause ;
I only with blushes replied,
And the nightingale fill'd up the pause.

CVIII.

THE CONTENTED MAID.

By George Keate, Esq.

LET me live remov'd from noise,
Remov'd from scenes of pride and strife,
And only taste those tranquil joys,
Which Heav'n bestows on rural life !
Innocence shall guide my youth,
Whilst Nature's paths I still pursue ;
Each step I take be mark'd with truth,
And Virtue ever be my view.---

Adieu, ye gay, adieu, ye great ;
I see you all without a sigh ;
Contented with my happier fate,
In silence let me live and die !
Sweet Peace I'll court to follow me,
And woo the Graces to my cell ;
For all the Graces love to be
Where Innocence and Virtue dwell.

CIX.

COLIN AND PHILLIS.

How wretched the maiden who loves
A shepherd unworthy her care !
From fair-one to fair-one who roves,
And whose promise is lighter than air !

Such the sorrows which poor Phillis knew,
 Who Colin too rashly believ'd ;
 His aim was to triumph o'er you,
 Ah ! Phillis, unkindly deceiv'd !

Beneath the dark cypress she lay,
 And sigh'd her complaint to the wind,
 ' That her Colin had wander'd away,
 And left her despairing behind.'

All cold, and stretch'd out in the shade,
 By the virgins pale Phillis was found ;
 And a scroll on her bosom was laid,
 Declaring, that Love gave the wound.

The shepherds still speak of her truth,
 As they point out her grave with a sigh ;
 And upbraid thy inconstancy, youth !
 Who could suffer such beauty to die.

CX.

FIDELE.

By Collins.

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb,
 Soft maids and village-hinds shall bring
 Each op'ning sweet of earliest bloom,
 And rouse all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear,
 To vex with shrieks this quiet grove ;
 But shepherd-lads assemble here,
 And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew ;
But female fays shall haunt the green,
And drefs thy grave with pearly dew.

The red-breast oft, at ev'ning hours,
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gather'd flow'rs,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds and beating rain
In tempests shake the sylvan cell ;
Or midst the chace upon the plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lovely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed ;
Belov'd till life could charm no more,
And mourn'd till Pity's self be dead.

CXI.

THE UNRELENTING FAIR.

WHEN fair Serena first I knew,
By Friendship's happy union charm'd,
Incessant joys around her flew ;
And gentle smiles my bosom warm'd.

But when, with fond, officious care,
I press'd to breathe my am'rous pain,
Her lips spoke nought but cold despair ;
Her eyes shot ice thro' ev'ry vein.

Thus, in Italia's lovely vales,
 The Sun his genial vigour yields;
 Reviving Heat each sense regales,
 And Plenty crowns the smiling fields.

When nearer we approach his ray;
 High on the Alps' tremendous brow,
 Surpris'd we see pale sun-beams play
 On everlasting hills of snow.

CXII.

MYRTILLA'S INVITATION.

WHO'LL buy a heart? Myrtilla cries,
 And throws around her sparkling eyes;
 An easy shape, a graceful air,
 A face like lovely Hebe's fair;
 A pair of eyes that wound at sight,
 And foil the di'mond's piercing light.

Come hither, ye that long to prove
 The soul-enchanting joys of love:
 Quickly, quickly come; for he
 Buys, that bids the most for me.

But let no fordid wretch presume,
 With even Cræsus' wealth, to come;
 Nor vainly hope, for gems or gold,
 Such charms as these can e'er be sold.
 So vile a change I scorn to make;
 For Love's the only coin I take.

CXIII.

By Aaron Hill, Esq.

O ! FORBEAR to bid me flight her !
Soul and senses take her part :
Could my death itself delight her,
Life should leap to leave my heart.
Strong, tho' soft a lover's chain,
Charm'd with woe, and pleas'd with pain.

Tho' the tender flame were dying,
Love would light it at her eyes ;
Or, her tuneful voice applying,
Thro' my ear, my soul surprise.
Deaf, I see the fate I shun ;
Blind, I hear I am undone.

CXIV.

By Mr. O'Keeffe.

SEARCH all the wide creation round,
Or earth, or air, or deep profound,
To some great universal end,
Power, sense, instinct, reason, tend ;
'Tis love, sweet universal love !

Why Phœbus smile upon the morn ?
Why lend a ray to Dian's horn ?
Why flowers perfume the breath of Spring ?
Or why do birds on hawthorns sing ?
'Tis love, sweet universal love !

With honour join'd, oh! form'd to blefs,
 Thy power let every heart confefs;
 If fenfe and reason but remove
 The bandage from the eyes of love,
 Of love, sweet univerfal love!

CXV.

By Mr. E. Moore.

WHEN Damon languish'd at my feet,
 And I believ'd him true,
 The moments of delight how sweet!
 But, ah! how fwift they flew!
 The funny hill, the flow'ry vale,
 The garden, and the grove
 Have echo'd to his ardent tale,
 And vows of endlefs love.

The conquest gain'd, he left his prize;
 He left her to complain;
 To talk of joy with weeping eyes,
 And meafure time by pain:
 But Heav'n will take the mourner's part,
 In pity to Defpair;
 And the laft figh, that rends the heart,
 Shall waft the fpirit there.

CXVI.

HOPELESS LOVE.

THINK not, my Love, when secret grief
Preys on my sadden'd heart,
Think not I wish a mean relief,
Or would from sorrow part.

Dearly I prize the sighs sincere,
That my true fondness prove;
Nor could I bear to check the tear,
That flows from hopeless Love.

Alas! tho' doom'd to hope in vain
The joys that Love requite,
Yet will I cherish all its pain,
With sad, but sweet delight.

This treasur'd grief, this lov'd despair
My lot will ever be;
But, dearest, may the pangs I bear
Be never felt by thee!

CXVII.

By William Shakespeare.

TAKE, O! take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of Love, but seal'd in vain.

Hide, O! hide those hills of snow,
 Which thy frozen bosom bears;
 On whose tops the pinks that grow
 Are of those that April wears:
 But first set my poor heart free,
 Bound in those icy chains by thee.

CXVIII.

TO DELIA.

By Peter Pindar, Esq.

SAY, lonely maid, with downcast eye,
 O Delia, say, with cheek so pale---
 What gives thy heart the lengthen'd sigh,
 That tells the world a mournful tale?

Thy tears, that thus each other chase,
 Bespeak a bosom swell'd with woe:
 Thy sighs, a storm, that wrecks thy peace;
 Which souls like thine should never know.

O tell me, doth some favour'd youth,
 With Virtue tir'd, thy beauty flight;
 And leave those thrones of Love and Truth,
 That lip and bosom of delight?

Perhaps, to nymphs of other shades
 He feigns the soft, impassion'd tear;
 With songs their easy faith invades,
 That treach'rous won thy witless ear.

Let not those maids thy envy move,
 For whom his heart may seem to pine:
 That heart can ne'er be blest with Love,
 Whose guilt could force a pang from thine.

CXIX.

SONNET, TO THE MOON.

QUEEN of the silver bow, by thy pale beam,
 Alone, and pensive, I delight to stray,
 And watch thy shadow trembling in the stream,
 Or mark the floating clouds that cross thy way.
 And, while I gaze, thy mild and placid light
 Sheds a soft calm upon my troubled breast;
 And oft I think, fair planet of the night,
 That in thy orb the wretched may have rest.
 The suff'ers of the earth perhaps may go,
 Releas'd by Death, to thy benignant sphere;
 And the sad children of Despair and Woe
 Forget, in thee, their cup of sorrow here.
 O! that I soon may reach thy world serene,
 Poor weary'd pilgrim---in this toiling scene.

CXX.

In the Opera of Summer Amusement.

To ease my heart, I own'd my flame;
 And much I fear I was to blame;
 For, tho' Love's force we're doom'd to feel,
 The heart its weakness should conceal.

The blush that speaks the soften'd breast,
 The sigh that will not be suppress'd,
 The tear which down the cheek will steal,
 With cautious art we should conceal.

And yet if Honour guides the youth,
 And welcome Love is led by Truth,
 With joy at Hymen's porch we kneel,
 Nor strive our weakness to conceal.

CXXI.

By Leonard Macnally, Esq.

Love leads us to lab'rins of woe :
 Tho' roses spontaneous invite ;
 Tho' Pleasure seems prompt to bestow,
 Each moment, some new-sprung delight ;
 Should the virgin be tempted to taste
 The fruit, that so blooming appears,
 Her sweets, by Imprudence debas'd,
 All melt in contrition and tears.

The bosom, where Purity reigns,
 The breath of Detraction can't taint ;
 But she, who not wholly abstains,
 Shall utter in vain her complaint :
 Like the lily unable to rise,
 That's wounded, and droops to its bed,
 Untimely she withers, and dies ;
 And the cypress springs over her head.

CXXII.

By Mr. O'Keeffe.

How can man such pleasure find,
Still in trying each endeavour
Thus to win the virgin's favour,
Softly steal into her mind,
And destroy her peace for ever ;
With her heart,
To depart,
Leaving only grief behind ?

Thus the boy, a linnet caging,
How engaging !
Now her sweet and warbling song,
Soon neglected,
All rejected ;
Poor thing ! she may her song give o'er,
Her sweetest notes can charm no more.

CXXIII.

By the same.

How sweet, how kind the joyful hours,
With Peace and Virtue crown'd !
They come like soft descending showers,
To cheer the landscape round.
Hush, throbbing heart, as Truth alone
Should light the virgin's breast,
Retire, cold freezing Doubt, begone ;
Retire, 'tis Love's request !

CXXIV.

SONNET,

Supposed to be written by Werter.

Go, cruel tyrant of the human breast !
 To others' hearts thy burning arrows bear ;
 Go, where fond Hope and fair Illusion rest !
 Ah ! why should Love inhabit with Despair ?
 Like the poor maniac I linger here,
 Still haunt the scene where all my treasure lies ;
 Still seek for flow'rs where only thorns appear,
 And drink delicious poison from her eyes.
 Tow'rd's the deep gulph, that opens on my sight,
 I hurry forward, Passion's helpless slave ;
 And, scorning Reason's mild and sober light,
 Pursue the path that leads me to the grave.
 So round the flame the giddy insect flies,
 And courts the fatal fire, by which it dies.

CXXV.

AIR.

In The Double Disguise.

WHEN Beauty's smiling Queen, alone,
 Prepares the filken chain of Love,
 The slave not long Love's pow'r shall own :
 For time will Beauty's charm remove,
 But when Minerva lends her aid,
 With mystic charms each link is join'd ;
 Tho' light as rosy wreaths they're made,
 Enslav'd for life they hold mankind.

CXXVI.

GRAMACHREE MOLLY.

As down on Banna's banks I stray'd, one evening in May,
The little birds, in blytheft notes, made vocal ev'ry spray :
They sang their little tales of love, they sang them o'er and o'er.
Ah ! gramachree, ma chollenogue, ma Molly ashtore !

The daisy py'd, and all the sweets the dawn of nature yields,
The primrose pale, and violet blue, lay scatter'd o'er the fields ;
Such fragrance in the bosom lies of her whom I adore.
Ah ! gramachree, &c.

I laid me down upon a bank, bewailing my sad fate,
That doom'd me thus the slave of love, and cruel Molly's hate :
How can she break the honest heart that wears her in its core ?
Ah ! gramachree, &c.

You said you lov'd me, Molly dear : ah ! why did I believe ?
Yet who could think such tender words were meant but to
deceive ?
That love was all I ask'd on earth ; nay, Heav'n could give no
more.
Ah ! gramachree, &c.

O ! had I all the flocks that graze on yonder yellow hill,
Or low'd for me the num'rous herds that yon green pasture
fill,
With her I love, I'd gladly share my kine and fleecy store.
Ah ! gramachree, &c.

Two turtle-doves, above my head, sat courting on a bough ;
 I envy'd them their happiness, to see them bill and coo :
 Such fondness once for me she shew'd ; but now, alas ! 'tis
 o'er.

Ah ! gramachree, &c.

Then fare thee well, my Molly dear, thy loss I e'er shall
 mourn ;

While life remains in Strephon's heart, 'twill beat for thee
 alone :

Tho' thou art false, may Heav'n on thee its choicest blessings
 pour !

Ah ! gramachree, &c.

CXXVII.

SONNET, TO SOLITUDE,

Supposed to be written by Werter.

O ! SOLITUDE, to thy sequester'd vale
 I come, to hide my sorrow, and my tears ;
 And to thy echoes tell the mournful tale,
 Which scarce I trust to pitying Friendship's ears.
 Amidst thy wild woods, and untrodden glades,
 No sounds but those of Melancholy move ;
 And the low winds, that die among thy shades,
 Seem like soft Pity's sighs for hopeless Love.
 And sure some story of Despair and Pain
 In yon deep cople thy murm'ring doves relate ;
 And hark ! methinks, in that long, mournful strain,
 Thy own sweet, plaintive songstrefs weeps my fate.
 Ah ! Nymph ! that fate assist me to endure,
 And bear awhile what Death alone can cure.

CXXVIII.

THE SKY-LARK.

By W. Shenstone, Esq.

Go, tuneful bird, that glad'st the skies,
To Daphne's window speed thy way ;
And there on quivering pinions rise,
And there thy vocal art display.

And if she deign thy notes to hear,
And if she praise thy matin song,
Tell her, the sounds that soothe her ear
To Damon's native plains belong.

Tell her, in livelier plumes array'd,
The bird from India's groves may shine ;
But ask the lovely partial maid,
What are his notes compar'd to thine ?

Then bid her treat yon witlefs beau,
And all his flaunting race, with scorn ;
And lend an ear to Damon's woe,
Who sings her praise, and sings forlorn.

CXXIX.

By Mr. O'Keeffe.

OF love, sweet love, I've oft been told,
Its pleasing pain, its pure delight ;
But yet my heart has still been cold,
Till your dear image blest my sight.

CXXX.

By Mr. O'Keeffe.

FOR you, dearest maiden, the pride of the village,
 The town and its pleasures I freely resign;
 Delights spring from labour, and science from tillage,
 Where love, peace, and innocence, sweetly combine:
 Soft tender affection, what bliss in possessing!
 How blest when 'tis love that insures us the blessing!
 Carefs'd, ah, what rapture in mutual caressing!
 What joy can I wish for, was Norah but mine!

The feasts of gay Fashion with splendour invite us,
 Where Luxury, Pride, and her Follies attend;
 The banquet of Reason alone should delight us,
 How sweet the enjoyment when shar'd with a friend!
 Be thou that dear friend, then, my comfort, my pleasure,
 A look is my sunshine, a smile is my treasure:
 Thy lips, if consenting, give joy beyond measure,
 A rapture so perfect, what joy can transcend!

CXXXI.

CELIA.

RESOLV'D, as her poet, of Celia to sing,
 For emblems of beauty I search'd thro' the spring;
 To flowers soft blooming compar'd the sweet maid,
 But flowers, tho' blooming, at ev'ning may fade:
 Of sunshine and breezes I next thought to write,
 Of breezes so calm, and of sunshine so bright:
 But these with my Fair no resemblance will hold;
 For sun sets at night, and the breezes grow cold.

The clouds of mild ev'ning array'd in pale blue,
While the sun-beams behind them peep'd glittering thro',
Tho' to rival her charms they can never arise,
Yet methought they look'd something like Celia's sweet eyes.
These beauties are transient; but Celia's will last,
When spring, and when summer, and autumn are past;
For sense and good humour no season disarms,
And the soul of my Celia enlivens her charms.

At length on a fruit-tree a blossom I found,
Which beauty display'd, and shed fragrance around;
I then thought the Muses had smil'd on my prayer;
' This blossom,' I cry'd, ' will resemble my Fair;
These colours so gay, and united so well,
This delicate feature, and ravishing smell,
Be her person's dear emblem; but where shall I find
In nature a beauty that equals her mind?

' This blossom, now pleasing, at summer's gay call
Must languish at first, and must afterwards fall;
But behind it the fruit, its successor, shall rise,
By nature disrob'd of its beauteous disguise:
So Celia, when youth, that gay blossom, is o'er,
By her virtues improv'd, shall engage me the more;
Shall recal ev'ry beauty that brighten'd her prime,
When her merit is ripen'd by love and by time.'

CXXXII.

By R. B. Sheridan, Esq.

HAD I a heart for falshood fram'd,
I ne'er could injure you;
For tho' your tongue no promise claim'd,
Your charms would make me true.

To you no soul shall bear deceit,
 No stranger offer wrong :
 But friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
 And lovers in the young.

But when they learn that you have blest
 Another with your heart,
 They'll bid aspiring passion rest,
 And act a brother's part.

Then, lady, dread not here deceit,
 Nor fear to suffer wrong :
 For friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
 And brothers in the young.

CXXXIII.

TO SYLVIA.

By David Garrick, Esq.

IF Truth can fix thy wav'ring heart,
 Let Damon urge his claim ;
 He feels the passion, void of art,
 The pure, the constant flame.

Tho' sighing swains their torments tell,
 Their sensual love condemn ;
 They only prize the beauteous shell,
 But slight the inward gem.

Possession cures the wounded heart,
 Destroys the transient fire ;
 But when the mind receives the dart,
 Enjoyment whets desire.

By age your beauty will decay,
Your mind improves with years ;
As when the blossoms fade away,
The rip'ning fruit appears.

May Heav'n and Sylvia grant my suit,
And blefs the future hour,
That Damon, who can taste the fruit,
May gather ev'ry flow'r !

CXXXIV.

MAY, THE MOTHER OF LOVE.

By Mr. Cunningham.

THE virgin, when soften'd by May,
Attends to the villager's vows ;
The birds fondly bill on the spray,
And poplars embrace with their boughs.
On Ida bright Venus may reign,
Ador'd for her beauty above ;
We shepherds, that dwell on the plain,
Hail May, as the mother of love.

From the West as it wantonly blows,
Fond Zephyr caresses the vine ;
The bee steals a kiss from the rose,
And willows and woodbines entwine :
The pinks by the rivulet's side,
That border the vernal alcove,
Bend downward, and kiss the soft tide,
For May is the mother of love.

May tinges the butterfly's wing;
 He flutters in bridal array;
 If the larks and the linnets now sing,
 Their music is taught them by May:
 The stock-dove, recluse with her mate,
 Conceals her fond blifs in the grove,
 And, murmuring, seems to repeat,
 That May is the mother of love.

The goddesses will visit ye soon,
 Ye virgins, be sportive and gay;
 Get your pipes, oh! ye shepherds, in tune;
 For music must welcome the May.
 Would Damon have Phillis prove kind,
 And all his keen anguish remove,
 Let him tell her soft tales, and he'll find,
 That May is the mother of love.

CXXXV.

In the Opera of Summer Amusement.

How hard our hapless lot appears,
 As virgin, or as wife!
 Restrain'd in all our early years,
 Distress'd in later life!

If fond affection warms our hearts,
 Too oft' unfeeling man,
 From faith, from truth, from love departs,
 And triumphs where he can.

CXXXVI.

In the Opera of Summer Amusement.

WHAT means that downcast look, my dear ?
Why heaves the sigh ? why drops the tear ?
What tears disturb ? what doubts annoy
Those hours which love should gild with joy ?

Tho' transient care now dims our eyes,
More flatt'ring prospects soon shall rise ;
Each fond endearing scene shall prove
The matchless force of Melville's love.

CXXXVII.

THE PRAISE OF CHASTE LOVE.

LOVE's a gentle, gen'rous passion,
Source of all sublime delights ;
Which, with mutual inclination,
Two fond hearts in one unites.

What are titles, pomp, or riches,
If compar'd with true content ?
That false joy which now bewitches,
When obtain'd, we may repent.

Lawless passion brings vexation ;
But a chaste and constant love
Is a glorious emulation
Of the blissful state above.

CXXXVIII.

By M. P. Andrews, Esq.

SURE 'twould make a dismal story,
If, when Honour leads him on,
Love should flight the cause of Glory,
Or disdain his wounded son.

If, his country's rights defending,
He should some disaster prove,
Pity with affection blending,
Will but more increase my love.

CXXXIX.

THE FAITHLESS SWAIN.

How gentle was my Damon's air !
Like sunny beams his golden hair ;
His voice was like the nightingale's,
More sweet his breath than flow'ry vales ;
How hard such beauties to resign !
And yet that cruel task is mine.

On ev'ry hill, in ev'ry grove,
Along the margin of each stream,
Dear conscious scenes of former love,
I mourn, and Damon is my theme.
The hills, the groves, the streams remain ;
But Damon there I seek in vain.
The hills, &c.

From hill, from dale, each charm is fled ;
Groves, flocks, and fountains please no more ;
Each flow'r in pity droops its head ;
All Nature does my loss deplore.
All, all reproach the faithless swain ;
Yet Damon still I seek in vain.
All, all, &c.

CXL.

By Dr. Parnell.

My days have been so wondrous free,
The little birds that fly,
With careless ease, from tree to tree,
Were scarce so blest as I :
Ask gliding waters, if a tear
Of mine increas'd the stream ?
Or ask the passing gales, if e'er
I lent a sigh to them ? .

But now my former days retire,
And I'm by beauty caught ;
The tender chains of soft desire
Are fix'd upon my thought :
And eager hope within my breast
Does ev'ry doubt controul ;
And lovely Nancy stands confess'd
The fav'rite of my soul.

Ye nightingales, ye twisting pines,
Ye swains that haunt the grove ;
Ye gentle echoes, breezy winds,
Ye close retreats of love ;

With all of nature, all of art,
 Assist the dear design,
 And make a young unpractis'd heart
 To be for ever mine.

The very thought of change I hate,
 As much as of despair,
 And hardly covet to be great,
 Unless it were for her :
 'Tis true, the passion in my mind
 Is mix'd with soft distress ;
 Yet, while the Fair I love is kind,
 I cannot wish it less.

But if she treats me with disdain,
 Or flights my well-meant love ;
 Or looks with pleasure on my pain,
 A pain she won't remove ;
 Farewel, ye birds, and lonely pines,
 Adieu to tears and sighs ;
 I'll leave my passion to the winds :
 Love unreturn'd soon dies.

CXLI.

By Mr. O'Keefe.

THE meadows look cheerful, the birds sweetly sing ;
 So gaily they carol the praises of Spring :
 Tho' Nature rejoices, poor Norah shall mourn,
 Until her dear Patrick again shall return.

Ye lasses of Dublin, ah, hide your gay charms,
 Nor lure her dear Patrick from Norah's fond arms :
 Tho' sattins and ribbons, and laces are fine,
 They hide not a heart with such feeling as mine.

CXLII.

DAPHNE.

WHY heaves my fond bosom ? ah ! what can it mean ?
Why flutters my heart, that was once so serene ?
Why this sighing and trembling when Daphne is near ?
Or why, when she's absent, this sorrow and fear ?

Methinks I for ever with wonder could trace
The thousand soft charms that embellish thy face :
Each moment I view thee, new beauties I find !
With thy face I am charm'd, but enslav'd by thy mind.

Untainted with folly, unfully'd with pride,
There native good-humour and virtue preside ;
Oh Heaven ! that virtue thy soul may supply
With compassion for him, who without thee must die.

CXLIII.

In the Comic Opera of The Rose.

BRIGHT the sky, and calm the ocean ;
Now my bark will smoothly glide :
O ! how pleasing is the motion,
Sailing thus with wind and tide !

Hidden rocks no more beguiling,
Swelling sails the breezes court ;
Cupid at the helm sits smiling,
And conducts me safe to port.

CXLIV.

In the Opera of Love in a Village.

Oh! how shall I, in language weak,
 My ardent passion tell;
 Or form my falt'ring tongue to speak
 That cruel word, Farewell!
 Farewel---but know, tho' thus we part,
 My thoughts can never stray;
 Go where I will, my constant heart
 Must with my charmer stay.

CXLV.

THE SAILOR'S FAREWELL.

By Mr. Gay.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
 The streamers waving in the wind,
 When black-ey'd Susan came on board,
 'O where shall I my true-love find?
 Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
 If my sweet William sails among your crew?

William, who high upon the yard,
 Rock'd by the billows to and fro,
 Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
 He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below;
 The rope slides swiftly thro' his glowing hands,
 And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high-pois'd in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
If chance his mate's shrill voice he hear,
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

' O Susan ! Susan ! lovely dear !
My vows shall ever true remain ;
Let me kiss off that falling tear ;
We only part to meet again.
Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

' Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind ;
They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
In ev'ry port a mistress find :
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wherefoe'er I go.

' If to fair India's coast we sail,
Thine eyes are seen in di'monds bright ;
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale ;
Thy skin is ivory so white :
Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

' Tho' battle calls me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn ;
Tho' cannons roar, yet safe from harms
William shall to his dear return :
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.'

The boatwain gave the dreadful word ;
 The sails their swelling bosoms spread ;
 No longer must she stay on board ;
 They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head :
 Her lefs'ning boat unwilling rows to land :
 ' Adieu !' she cry'd, and wav'd her lily hand.

CXLVI.

KATE OF ABERDEEN.

By Mr. Cunningham.

THE silver Moon's enamour'd beam
 Steals softly thro' the night,
 To wanton in the winding stream,
 And kiss reflected light :
 To courts be gone, heart-soothing Sleep,
 Where you've so seldom been,
 Whilst I my wakeful vigil keep
 With Kate of Aberdeen.

The nymphs and swains expectant wait,
 In primrose chaplets gay ;
 Till Morn unbars her golden gate,
 And gives the promis'd May :
 The nymphs and swains shall all declare
 The promis'd May, when seen,
 Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
 As Kate of Aberdeen.

I'll tune my pipe to playful notes,
And rouse yon nodding grove,
Till new-wak'd birds distend their throats,
And hail the maid I love;
At her approach the lark mistakes,
And quits the new-dress'd green-----
Fond bird! 'tis not the Morning breaks;
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Now, blithsome, o'er the dewy mead,
Where elves disportive play,
The festal dance young shepherds lead,
Or sing their love-tun'd lay;
Till May, in morning robe, draws nigh,
And claims a virgin queen:
The nymphs and swains, exulting, cry,
'Here's Kate of Aberdeen.'

CXLVII.

HOPE.

By W. Shenstone, Esq.

MY banks are all furnish'd with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
My grottoes are shaded with trees,
And my hills are white over with sheep:
I seldom have met with a loss,
Such health do my fountains bestow;
My fountains all border'd with moss,
Where the hare-bells and violets grow.
Where the hare-bells, &c.

I have found out a gift for my Fair,
 I have found where the wood-pigeons breed ;
 But let me that plunder forbear ;
 She'll say 'twas a barbarous deed.
 For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,
 Who could rob a poor bird of its young :
 I lov'd her the more when I heard
 Such tendernefs fall from her tongue.
 Such tendernefs, &c.

But where does my Phyllida stray,
 And where are her grots and her bow'rs ?
 Are the groves and the vallies as gay,
 And the shepherds as gentle as ours ?
 The groves may perhaps be as fair,
 And the face of the vallies as fine ;
 The fwains may in manners compare,
 But their love is not equal to mine.
 But their love, &c.

CXLVIII.

THE IMAGINARY KISS.

By Mr. Dodfley.

WHEN Fanny I faw, as fhe tripp'd o'er the green,
 Fair, blooming, foft, artlefs, and kind ;
 Fond love in her eyes, wit and fenfe in her mien,
 And warmnefs with modefty join'd ;
 Transported with fudden amazement, I flood
 Faft rivetted down to the place :
 Her delicate fhape, eafy motion I view'd,
 And wander'd o'er every grace.

'Ye gods, what luxuriance of beauty,' I cry,
'What raptures must dwell in her arms!
On her lips I could feast, on her breast I could die;
O, Fanny, how sweet are thy charms!
Whilst thus in idea my passion I fed,
Such transports my senses invade,
Young Damon stepp'd up, with the substance he fled,
And left me to kiss the dear shade.

CXLIX.

By A. Whistler, Esq.

LET Wisdom boast her mighty pow'r,
With Passion still at strife,
Yet Love is sure the sov'reign flow'r,
The sweet perfume of life;

The happy breeze that swells the sail,
When quite becalm'd we lie;
The drop that will the heart regale,
And sparkle in the eye;

The sun that wakes us to delight,
And drives the shades away;
The dream that cheers our dreary night,
And makes a brighter day.

But if, alas! it wrongly seize,
The case is twice as bad;
This flow'r, sun, drop, or dream, or breeze
Will drive a blockhead mad.

CL.

SONNET,

Written at Venice.

FLED each bright form, and hush'd each tuneful sound,
 As home I glide from the Cassino gay,
 In the dark gondola close curtain'd round,
 Alone and cheerless o'er the wat'ry way,
 Methinks an exile from the golden day,
 Stern Death has plac'd me on the Stygian bound,
 (So busy Fancy does the scene pourtray)
 Pale ghosts appear, and shrieks of woe resound;
 Meanwhile my absent Fair I vainly crave;
 Far other thoughts her presence would inspire:
 For Love's bright Queen (so sung the Grecian choir)
 Who rose exulting from the azure wave,
 Here bids her native element conspire
 To aid the purposes of soft desire.

CLI.

DELIA.

By Mr. Cunningham.

THE gentle swan, with graceful pride,
 Her glossy plumage laves;
 And, sailing down the silver tide,
 Divides the whisp'ring waves:
 The silver tide, that wand'ring flows,
 Sweet to the bird must be;
 But not so sweet, blithe Cupid knows,
 As Delia is to me.

A parent bird, in plaintive mood,
On yonder fruit-tree fung ;
And still the pendent nest she view'd,
That held her callow young :
Tho' dear to her maternal heart
The genial brood must be ;
They're not so dear, the thousandth part,
As Delia is to me.

The roses that my brow surround,
Were natives of the dale ;
Scarce pluck'd, and in a garland bound,
Before their hue grew pale :
My vital blood would thus be froze,
If luckless torn from thee ;
For what the root is to the rose
My Delia is to me.

Two doves I found like new-fall'n snow,
So white the beauteous pair ;
The birds on Delia I'll bestow,
They're like her bosom, fair :
May they of our connubial love
A happy omen be !
Then such fond bliss as turtles prove,
Will Delia share with me.

CLII.

By Lord Lyttelton.

O YE, who bathe in courtly bliss,
Or toil in Fortune's giddy sphere,
Do not too rashly judge amiss
Of one who lives contented here.

Nor yet disdain the narrow bounds
 That skirt this garden's simple pride,
 Nor yet deride the scanty mounds
 That fence yon water's peaceful tide.

The tenant of the shade forgive,
 For wand'ring at the close of day,
 With joy to see the flow'rets live,
 And hear the linnet's temp'rate lay.

And O remember, that from strife,
 From fraudulent hate, and frantic glee,
 From ev'ry fault of polish'd life,
 These rustic scenes are haply free.

CLIII.

SONNET,

Supposed to be written by Werter.

MAKE there my tomb beneath the lime-tree's shade,
 Where grafs and flow'rs in wild luxuriance wave;
 Let no memorial mark where I am laid,
 Or point to common eyes the Lover's grave:
 But oft at twilight morn, or closing day,
 The faithful Friend, with falt'ring step, shall glide,
 Tributes of fond regret by stealth to pay,
 And sigh for the unhappy Suicide.
 And sometimes, when the Sun, with parting rays,
 Gilds the long grafs that hides my silent bed,
 The tears shall tremble in my Charlotte's eyes;
 Dear, precious drops! they shall embalm the dead.
 Yes; Charlotte o'er the mournful spot shall weep,
 Where her poor Werter and his sorrows sleep.

CLIV.

TO A LADY.

Written on the Banks of a River near her Father's Villa.

By Lord Lyttelton.

WHILE these close walls her beauties hide,
For whose dear sake forlorn I rove ;
On the clear stream's opposing side
The Muse shall wail my hapless love---

My love!---which nothing can outvie,
Which never shall a period know ;
Ye breezes, tell her as ye fly,
Ye waters, bear it as ye flow.---

And tho' (by adverse friends confin'd)
My yielding Fair I vainly crave ;
O bring her murmurs, gentle wind,
Her image, ev'ry passing wave!

Ah no!---Ye winds, her sighs conceal,
Nor you, ye waves, reflect her face,
Left Æolus my passion feel,
And Neptune sue for her embrace.

Small need ye should her accents bear,
Or to my view her form impart,
Whose voice dwells ever on my ear,
Whose image ever in my heart.

CLV.

SONNET TO THE MOON,

Written on an Eminence near Dieppe, in France.

HERE by thy midnight beams I love to stray,
 And court the music of the waves below ;
 Those waves to me sad melodies convey,
 And modulate my soul to strains of woe.

For oft remembrance paints the parting hour,
 And brings those trying scenes again to view ;
 And oft I think on that relentless pow'r
 Which bade Cecilia breathe a long adieu.

Ah long indeed !---yet my fond heart pourtrays
 Her artless love, still faithful and sincere ;
 And, taught by Hope's re-animating rays,
 The lov'd idea prints its image there.

There shall it dwell ; and, nurs'd with tender care,
 Remove each doubt, and quell each rising fear.

CLVI.

By Peter Pindar, Esq.

THOU told'st me, dear perfidious Maid,
 That Spring should lose her vary'd bloom ;
 That Cynthia's silv'ry beam should fade,
 And Sol no more the world illumine,
 When thou, the pride of ev'ry grove,
 Shouldst cease to bless me with thy love.

Spring boasts her bloom, and Cynthia's rays
Still chase the solemn shades of Night;
Whilst Sol, with undiminis'd blaze,
Pours on the globe his golden light:
And yet, my trembling lips declare,
That thou art false as thou art fair.

But some will say, ' Ah! silly Swain!
How dares thy love to her aspire;
For whom a thousand sigh in vain,
And kindle with a hopeless fire?'
I own the folly; but what breast
Swells not with wishes to be blest?

CLVII.

AN INVITATION INTO THE COUNTRY.

By W. Cowper, Esq.

THE swallows, in their torpid state,
Compose their useless wing;
And bees in hives as idly wait
The call of early Spring.

The keenest frost that binds the stream,
The wildest wind that blows,
Are neither felt nor fear'd by them,
Secure of their repose.

But man, all feeling and awake,
The gloomy scene surveys;
With present ills his heart must ach,
And pant for brighter days.

Old Winter, halting o'er the mead,
 Bids me and Mary mourn;
 But lovely Spring peeps o'er his head,
 And whispers your return.

Then April, with her sister May,
 Shall chase him from the bow'rs,
 And weave fresh garlands ev'ry day,
 To crown the smiling Hours.

And if a tear, that speaks regret
 Of happier times, appear,
 A glimpse of joy that we have met,
 Shall shine, and dry the tear.

CLVIII.

THE PARTING.

By Mrs. Johnson.

NAY, hide that tear, my faithful Love,
 Such tenderness restrain;
 One kiss alone thy Marg'ret asks,
 One kiss shall sooth her pain.

What though beneath the moon's soft ray,
 Along the strand I pensive stray,
 In vain to seek thee there;
 What though I cast a wat'ry eye
 To where proud ocean meets the sky,
 My soul shall not despair.

Though angry tempests round us roar,
And, furious, shake this rocky shore,
 With ev'ry evil fraught,
Thy recollected vows shall cheer
My heart, and dry the starting tear,
 That springs from apprehensive thought.

CLIX.

By W. Shenstone, Esq.

THE rising Sun thro' all the grove
 Diffus'd a gladfome ray :
My Lucy smil'd, and talk'd of love ;
 And ev'ry thing look'd gay.

But, oh ! the fatal hour was come,
 That forc'd me from my dear :
My Lucy then thro' grief was dumb,
 Or spoke but by a tear.

Now far from her and bliss I roam,
 All nature wears a change ;
The azure sky seems wrapt in gloom,
 And ev'ry place looks strange.

Those flow'ry fields, this verdant scene,
 Yon larks that tow'ring sing,
With sad contrast increase my spleen,
 And make me loath the Spring.

My books, that wont to sooth my mind,
 No longer now can please :
 There only those amusement find,
 That have a mind at ease.

Nay, life itself is tasteless grown,
 From Lucy whilst I stray :
 Sick of the world, I muse alone,
 And sigh the live-long day.

CLX.

THE DEATH OF ALLEN.

THE bells they rang all in the morn,
 And Allen he rose full soon ;
 Sad tidings were heard for Allen to hear,
 That Mary would wed ere noon.

Then Allen he call'd on Thomas's name,
 And Thomas came at his call :
 ' Make ready a coffin and winding shroud,
 For Mary shall see my fall.

' When last we parted with brimful eye,
 Right loving she made a vow ;
 But Richard has twice as many sheep,
 And Mary forgets me now.

' Then bear me to the green-grass bank,
 Where we did kiss and play ;
 And tell her, the rain, that made it so green,
 Has wash'd my kisses away.'

The bridegroom led the bride so fair ;
The priest he came anon ;
But Thomas he brought his dear friend's corse,
Or ere the wedding was done.

He laid him on the green-grass bank,
Where they did kifs and play ;
And told her, the rain, that made it so green,
Had wash'd his kisses away.

When she beheld poor Allen's dead corse,
Her maiden blush was lost ;
She faded, as tho' on April morn
A primrose nipt by a frost.

Then, all beneath one fatal stone,
Together they bury'd were :
False maidens, who break your plighted vow,
Take heed ye come not there.

CLXI.

In The Agreeable Surprise.

HAPPY, harmless, rural pair,
Void of jealousy or care ;
Emblems of the blest'd above,
Sharing pure seraphic love !

By the brook, beneath the shade
Of the lofty poplar laid,
Cheerful strains awake the grove,
Dulcet notes of peace and love.

Say, ye proud, ye rich, and great,
Circled round with noise and state,
Real pleasures can ye prove ?
No; 'tis found in rural love.

CLXII.

DAMON.

WHEN first the East begins to dawn,
And Nature's beauties rise,
The lark assumes her mattins sweet,
And seeks the yielding skies.
The rosy light that glads the Muse,
Dear to her breast must be ;
But not so dear, young Cupid knows,
As Damon is to me.

In yonder tree two turtles bill,
Whose sweet alternate notes,
In pretty songs of love, prolong
The music of their throats :
Dear to the lover's flutt'ring breast
The fair-one's notes must be ;
But not so dear, the thousandth part,
As Damon is to me.

A mourning bird, in plaintive mood,
Robb'd of her callow young,
In yonder grove observ'd her nest,
And still her woes she sung :

No feather'd warbler of the wood
More sorrowful could be;
But I far greater woes must share,
Were Damon far from me.

CLXIII.

THE EXPOSTULATION, TO DELIA.

By Lord G.

FOR ever, O merciless Fair!
Will that cruel indiff'rence endure?
Can those eyes look me into despair,
And that heart be unwilling to cure?

If I love, will you doom me to die;
Or, if I adore you, upbraid?
Can that breast the least pity deny
To the wretch which your beauty has made?

How oft what I felt to disguise
Has my reason imperiously strove;
Till my soul almost fell from my eyes,
In the tears of the tenderest love!

Till, render'd unable to flow,
By the torture's excess which I bore,
That nature sunk under the woe,
Or only recover'd to more.

Then, Delia, determine my fate,
Nor let me to madness be drove;
But, O! do not tell me you hate,
If you even resolve not to love.

CLXIV.

THE REPLY.

By Lady Mary S.

O! CEASE to mourn, unhappy youth!
 Or think this bosom hard :
 My tears, alas ! must own your truth,
 And wish it could reward.

Th' excess of unabating woe
 This tortur'd breast endures,
 Too well, alas ! must make me know
 The pain that dwells in yours.

Condemn'd like you to weep in vain,
 I seek the darkest grove;
 And fondly bear the sharpest pain
 Of never-hoping love.

My wasted day, in endless sighs,
 No sound of comfort hears;
 And morn but breaks on Delia's eyes
 To wake her into tears.

If Sleep should lend her friendly aid,
 In fancy I complain;
 And hear some sad, some wretched maid,
 Or see some perjur'd swain.

Then cease thy suit, fond youth, O cease,
 Or blame the Fates alone;
 For how can I restore your peace,
 Who quite have lost my own ?

CLXV.

FAIR ROSALE.

By Mr. Richardson.

ON that lone bank where Lubin died,
Fair Rosale, a wretched maid,
Sat weeping o'er the cruel tide,
Faithful to her Lubin's shade.
' Oh ! may some kind, some gentle wave
Waft him to this mournful shore;
These tender hands should make his grave,
And deck his corpse with flowers o'er.

' I'd ever watch his mould'ring clay,
And pray for his eternal rest :
When Time his form has worn away,
His dust I'd place within my breast.'
While thus she mourn'd her Lubin lost,
And Echo to her grief replied,
Lo, at her feet his corpse was tost !
She shriek'd ! she clasp'd him, sigh'd, and died !

CLXVI.

THE DISTRESS OF MARIAN.

ONE April ev'ning, when the Sun
Had journey'd down the sky,
Sad Marian, with looks of woe,
Walk'd forth full heavily.

Tears trickled down her faded cheek,
Soft sighs her bosom heav'd;
Soft sighs reveal'd her inward woe;
Alas! she'd been deceiv'd.

' Oh! what a wretch am I become,
A luckless lass!' said she;
' The cowslip and the violet blue
Have now no charms for me.

' The golden Sun, that daily shines,
And glitt'ring decks the sky,
Brings no relief to my distress,
Or pleasure to my eye.

' This little river, when I dress'd,
Has serv'd me for a glass;
But now it only shews how love
Has ruin'd this poor face.

' What charms could happy Lucy boast,
To fix thy wav'ring mind?
What charms in Lucy more than me,
Ungrateful, couldst thou find?

' Hast thou forgot the tender vows
Which at my feet were made?
Yet I'll not spend my dying hour,
Thy falshood to upbraid.

' But what remaining breath I have
Shall intercede with Heav'n,
That all those broken vows to me,
At last, may be forgiv'n.

' Yet one poor boon, before I die,
I would of thee require ;
And do not thou refuse to grant
A wretch's last desire :

' When you with Lucy shall affix
The happy marriage-day,
Oh ! do not o'er my green-grass grave,
Inhuman, take thy way !'

CLXVII.

In The Agreeable Surprise.

THE virgin lily of the night,
Aurora finds in tears ;
But soon, in coil of native white,
Her fragrant head she rears :
No longer droops, distress'd, forlorn,
But, fresh and blithe as May,
She rises to perfume the morn,
And smiles upon the day.

The limpid streams of noble source,
That miles in darkness flow,
Emerging in their devious course,
Translucent beauties shew.
O'er golden sands they gently glide,
Unruffled with the gale,
Reflecting heav'n with splendid pride,
As rolling through the vale.

CLXVIII.

SONNET.

WHY will the Muse with pining Sorrow dwell?
 Ah why, in Mis'ry's lonely cell,
 My wayward fate pursue?
 Haply, to cheer my penfive hours,
 She lends her fascinating pow'rs,
 And paints my woes anew.

And as no fond, no pitying friend is near,
 The plaintive tale of Grief to hear,
 She breathes it to the wind:
 But can her sacred influence controul
 The strugling tumults of the soul,
 Or ease the troubled mind?

Ah! no; her smiles but keener point each dart,
 And drive it swifter through the bleeding heart,

CLXIX.

THE SMILES OF JAMIE.

YOUNG Cupid is with me wherever I go---
 He plagues me, and teazes, and vexes me so---
 To shun the young urchin I fly to the grove,
 But soon at my elbow I find little Love:
 I meet with young Strephon, the pride of the plain;
 His smiles for a moment can banish all pain;
 Then Cupid, to tease me, is sure to repeat---
 The smiles of your Jamie are ten times more sweet.

T'other day, when reclining in Strephon's gay bow'r,
 And charm'd with the fragrance of each blooming flow'r;
 The vi'let, the lily, the sweetest that blows,
 He had twin'd with young myrtle, the woodbine, and rose;
 I forgot the young tyrant, and own'd to the swain,
 That this fragrant spot was the pride of the plain;
 But Cupid stept forward, and cried---'Tis a cheat;
 The breath of your Jamie is ten times more sweet.'

Quite angry, at last, I cried---' Let me alone;
 I have sense, and have ears, and have eyes of my own;
 Your blindness and folly will lead me astray,
 While Prudence to Strephon's gay bow'r leads the way.'
 Provok'd by my answer, he presently flew,
 And brought my dear Jamie quite full in my view;
 Instructed by Love, he knelt down at my feet,
 And the vows of my Jamie are true as they're sweet.

Now Strephon, in vain, may exert all his pow'r;
 With Jamie, contented, I'll shun the gay bow'r;
 In a cottage more humble, contented to dwell,
 With him I am happy, tho' humble my cell.
 To revenge me on Cupid for all my past pain,
 I'll bind the young rogue in a sweet rosy chain;
 I'll cut off his wings, and tie lead to his feet,
 For with Love and my Jamie my joys are complete.

CLXX.

By Peter Pindar, Esq.

DOOM'd by my fortune's fickle star,
 Dear Maid! I seek the dang'rous wave;
 Condemn'd from thee to wander far,
 To Love, and Delia's charms, a slave.

Yet, ere thy balmy lips I leave,
 And quit that bosom's snowy white,
 Oh! Nymph, my tears, my sighs receive,
 And grant me thine, my last delight.

On each bright tear shall Fancy dwell,
 And Mem'ry each soft sigh restore ;
 Thus doating on the sweet farewell,
 Like misers on their golden store.

CLXXI.

THE HERMIT.

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
 And mortals the sweet of forgetfulness prove,
 When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
 And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove ;
 'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,
 While his harp rung symphonious, a Hermit began :
 No more with himself, or with Nature at war,
 He thought as a sage, tho' he felt as a man.

Ah why, all abandon'd to darkness and woe,
 Why, alone Philomela, that languishing fall ?
 For Spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
 And Sorrow no longer thy bosom intral.
 But if Pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay, -
 Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn ;
 O sooth him, whose pleasures like thine pass away,
 Full quickly they pass---but they never return.

Now gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,
The moon half extinguish'd her crescent displays :
But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high
She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
The path that conducts thee to splendour again;
But man's faded glory what change shall renew ?
Ah fool! to exult in a glory so vain!

'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more ;
I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you ;
For morn is approaching your charms to restore ;
Perfum'd with fresh fragrance, and glitt'ring with dew.
Nor yet for the ravage of Winter I mourn ;
Kind Nature the embryo blossom will save ;
But when shall Spring visit the mouldering urn ?
O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave!

CLXXII.

SPRING.

THE Spring with smiling face is seen,
To usher in the May ;
The fields all mantled o'er with green,
All deck'd in flowrets gay :
The feather'd songsters of the grove
All join in harmony and love.

The soaring lark, that cleaves the skies,
Low builds her humble nest :
The rambling boy, that finds the prize,
Is sure supremely blest ;
And, when the parent bird is flown,
He hastes and marks it for his own.

CLXXIII.

THE PAINS OF ABSENCE.

By Samuel Knight, A. M.

EV'N in the early hours of new-born Love,
 Ere smiling Hope first sooth'd her infant care,
 What poignant anguish was I doom'd to prove,
 Torn from the presence of my charming Fair !

Yet what were then, dear Girl, the joys I lost ?
 -----Imperfect, faint, imaginary bliss :
 A transient glance, a flatt'ring smile,---at most ;
 Half granted, half denied, a hasty kiss.

Did absence then o'erwhelm my soul with grief,
 When but a glimpse of Paradise was giv'n ?
 Ah ! who, my Delia, now shall grant relief,
 From heav'n itself, from thy embraces driv'n ?

O melting transports ! ravishing delights !
 When to my breast I strain'd the yielding Fair :
 Ye days of pleasure, and ye rapt'rous nights,
 What do ye now but add to my despair ?

And can I live, thus torn from all I love,
 When equal cares my Delia's heart oppress ?
 Hope whispers, ' Absence shall our bliss improve,
 And yet superior joys our meeting bless.'

Ah ! Delia, does the flatt'ring whisper truth ?
 ' Superior joys !'---Alas ! that cannot be :
 Thou canst not, Delia, bless thy faithful youth
 With greater joys than he has known with thee.

CLXXIV.

WINTER ENLIVENED BY HOPE.

By the same.

CLAD in autumnal gold the forest shines;
And the faint Sun, with horizontal ray,
Too soon the dreary world to Night resigns,
Whose ebon sceptre boasts superior sway.

Ah! soon to Winter must hale Autumn yield,
And frequent clouds the angry sky deform;
The driving snow soon whiten ev'ry field,
And the bare forest bend before the storm.

The cheerless scene afflicts the thoughtful swain:
That settled gloom proclaims his grief sincere:
Ev'n now he feels anticipated pain,
And gives to future ills a present tear.

Do I, my Delia, in his sorrows join?
Say, do I drop a sympathizing tear?
And mourns, my Love, this tributary line
The faded beauties of th' expiring year?

The paler blossoms of the early Spring,
Summer's warm tints with brighter glow that shine,
To no enraptur'd mind more joy could bring,
Full well thou know'st, my Delia, than to mine;

Yet pleas'd I now behold the storm prevail,
 With joy the forest's scatter'd honours see ;
 And ev'ry blast that howls along the vale
 More sweetly sounds than Music's voice to me.

Ah ! tell me, Delia, need the Muse declare,
 Whence I enjoy this wreck of Nature's charms ?---
 ---Relentless Summer forc'd me from my Fair ;
 Kind Winter will restore her to my arms.

O Autumn ! how I blest thy boist'rous nights !
 What charms for me has yonder faded grove ?
 Thy storms are harbingers of soft delights,
 Each falling leaf a messenger of Love.

CLXXV.

SONNET,

By the same.

YE open foes of Love's bewitching art,
 Believe a youth by sad experience wise !
 Ne'er from Employment's beaten road depart,
 Nurs'd in the lap of Sloth the infant lies :
 Love's fatal arrow never wounds the heart,
 When Vigilance her sevenfold shield supplies ;
 That once remov'd, then Beauty wings the dart,
 And with too certain aim, alas ! it flies.
 The Vet'ran thus, whom hardy Valour warms,
 Firm in his duty, still maintains his post ;
 While the raw youth, betray'd by Pleasure's charms,
 Submits a prisoner to the adverse host :
 Him smiling Peace restores to Freedom's arms,
 But Beauty's captive is for ever lost.

CLXXVI.

SONNET,

By the same.

O FOR Oblivion's friendly draught, to heal
 The ceaseless anguish of my wounded breast!
 The pains, alas! that I in absence feel
 By no less lenient balm can be repress'd:
 Happy the youth that boldly may reveal
 The truth his eyes already have confess'd;
 For sure it doubles sorrow, to conceal
 The latent wound that robs the soul of rest!
 Love, hidden Love does all my peace destroy;
 In silent grief my bloom of youth decays;
 I ev'ry hope resign of ev'ry joy,
 To gain a fading wreath of empty praise;
 While Honour bids me, like the Spartan boy,
 Till Death conceal what on my vitals preys.

CLXXVII.

By W. Shenstone, Esq.

IN a vale fring'd with woodland, where grottos abound,
 And rivulets murmur, and echoes resound,
 I vow'd to the Muses my time and my care;
 Since neither could win me the smiles of my Fair.

As Freedom inspir'd me, I rang'd and I sung;
 And Daphne's dear name never fell from my tongue:
 But, if once a smooth accent delighted my ear,
 I should wish, unawares, that my Daphne might hear. T 2

With fairest ideas my bosom I stor'd;
Allusions to none but the Nymph I ador'd;
And the more I with study my fancy refin'd,
The deeper impression she made on my mind.

Ah! whilst I the beauties of Nature pursue,
I still must my Daphne's fair image renew;
The Graces have chosen with Daphne to rove,
And the Muses are all in alliance with Love.

CLXXVIII.

DAPHNE'S VISIT.

By the same.

YE birds! for whom I rear'd the grove,
With melting lay salute my love:
My Daphne with your notes detain;
Or I have rear'd my grove in vain.

Ye flow'rs! before her footsteps rise;
Display at once your brightest dyes;
That she your op'ning charms may see;
Or what were all your charms to me?

Kind Zephyr! brush each fragrant flower,
And shed its odours round my bower:
Or never more, O gentle wind,
Shall I, from thee, refreshment find.

Ye streams! if e'er your banks I lov'd,
If e'er your native sounds improv'd,
May each soft murmur sooth my Fair;
Or, oh! 'twill deepen my despair.

And thou, my grot ! whose lonely bounds
The melancholy pine furrounds,
May Daphne praise thy peaceful gloom ;
Or thou shalt prove her Damon's tomb.

CLXXIX.

THE ROSE-BUD.

By the same.

SEE, Flavia, see that budding rose,
How bright beneath the bush it glows :
How safely there it lurks conceal'd ;
How quickly blasted, when reveal'd !

The Sun with warm attractive rays
Tempts it to wanton in the blaze ;
A blast descends from eastern skies,
And all its blushing radiance dies.

Then guard, my Fair ! your charms divine ;
And check the fond desire to shine,
Where Fame's transporting rays allure,
While here more happy, more secure.

The breath of some neglected maid
Shall make you sigh you left the shade ;
A breath to beauty's bloom unkind,
As, to the rose, an eastern wind.

The nymph reply'd, ' You first, my swain,
 Confine your sonnets to the plain;
 One envious tongue alike disarms,
 You, of your wit; me, of my charms.

' What is, unheard, the tuneful thrill?
 Or what, unknown, the poet's skill?
 What, unadmir'd, a charming mien,
 Or what the rose's blush, unseen?'

CLXXX.

IN A SHADY VALLEY, NEAR A RUNNING WATER.

By the same.

O! LET me haunt this peaceful shade;
 Nor let ambition e'er invade
 The tenants of this leafy bow'r,
 That shun her paths, and slight her pow'r.

Hither the plaintive halcyon flies,
 From social meads and open skies;
 Pleas'd, by this rill, her course to steer,
 And hide her sapphire plumage here.

The trout, bedropt with crimson stains,
 Forfakes the river's proud domains;
 Forfakes the sun's unwelcome gleam,
 To lurk within this humble stream.

And sure I heard the Naiad say,
 ' Flow, flow, my stream! this devious way;
 Though lovely soft thy murmurs are,
 Thy waters, lovely cool and fair.

• Flow, gentle stream ! nor let the vain
Thy small unfully'd stores disdain :
Nor let the pensive sage repine,
Whose latent course resembles thine. •

CLXXXI.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

By the same.

SURVEY, my Fair ! that lucid stream
Adown the smiling valley stray ;
Would Art attempt, or Fancy dream,
To regulate its winding way ?

So pleas'd I view thy shining hair
In loose dishevell'd ringlets flow :
Not all thy art, nor all thy care,
Can there one single grace bestow.

Survey again that verdant hill,
With native plants enamell'd o'er ;
Say, can the painter's utmost skill
Instruct one flow'r to please us more ?

As vain it were, with artful dye,
To change the bloom thy cheeks disclose,
And oh may Laura, ere she try,
With fresh vermilion paint the rose !

Hark, how the woodlark's tuneful throat
 Can every study'd grace excel;
 Let art constrain the rambling note,
 And will she, Laura, please so well?

Oh ever keep thy native ease,
 By no pedantic rules confin'd!
 For Laura's voice is form'd to please,
 So Laura's words be not unkind.

CLXXXII.

CALYPSO'S INVITATION TO TELEMACHUS.

By Mr. Cumberland.

HARK! the merry horns resounding
 Summon to the dewy plain;
 While, from rock to rock rebounding,
 Echo doubles ev'ry strain.

Come; and, while fresh breezes greet us,
 Freely o'er my Island rove;
 Health on ev'ry hill shall meet us,
 Love await in ev'ry grove.

Come; and, this soft languor scorning,
 Nerve thy heart for new delight;
 So shall roses of the morning
 Flourish on the cheek of night.

CLXXXIII.

By Mr. Dibdin.

SWEET, melancholy bird, again,
As thou art wont at ev'ry eve,
My hopelefs sorrow, in soft strain,
Ah ! echo to me, and relieve.

Alas ! to answer my sad woe,
In sympathy all Nature grieves ;
The rivers seem with tears to flow,
The zephyr sighs amidst the leaves.

CLXXXIV.

By the same.

BRIGHT gems, that twinkle from afar,
Planets, and ev'ry lesser star ;
Who, darting each a downward ray,
Console us for the loss of day ;

Begone ! Ev'n Venus, who, so bright,
Reflects her visions pure and white,
Instant begone, and quit the skies ;
For, lo ! the moon begins to rise.

Ye pretty warblers of the grove,
Who chaunt such artless tales of love ;
The thrush, gurgling in his throat ;
The linnet, with his silver note ;

The soaring lark, the whistling thrush,
 The merry blackbird, goldfinch, hush!
 Fly, vanish, disappear, take wing;
 The nightingale begins to sing.

CLXXXV.

MIDSUMMER.

By Dr. Johnson.

O PHŒBUS! down the western sky,
 Far hence diffuse thy burning ray;
 Thy light to distant worlds supply,
 And wake them to the cares of day.

Come, gentle eve, the friend of ease,
 Come, Cynthia, lovely queen of night!
 Refresh me with a cooling breeze,
 And cheer me with a lambent light.

Lay me, where o'er the verdant ground
 Her living carpet Nature spreads;
 Where the green bow'r, with roses crown'd,
 In show'rs its fragrant foliage sheds.

Improve the peaceful hour with wine;
 Let music die along the grove;
 Around the bowl let myrtles twine,
 And ev'ry strain be tun'd to love.

Come, Stella, queen of all my heart!
 Come, born to fill its vast desires!
 Thy looks perpetual joys impart;
 Thy voice perpetual love inspires.

Whilst, all my wish, and thine complete,
By turns we languish and we burn,
Let sighing gales our sighs repeat;
Our murmurs---murmuring brooks return.

Let me, when Nature calls to rest,
And blushing skies the morn foretell,
Sink on the down of Stella's breast,
And bid the waking world farewell.

CLXXXVI.

WINTER.

By the same.

No more the morn, with tepid rays,
Unfolds the flow'r of various hue;
Noon spreads no more the genial blaze,
Nor gentle eve distils the dew.

The ling'ring hours prolong the night;
Usurping darkness shares the day;
Her mists restrain the force of light,
And Phœbus holds a doubtful sway.

By gloomy twilight half reveal'd,
With sighs we view the hoary hill,
The leafless wood; the naked field,
The snow-topt cot, the frozen rill.

No music warbles through the grove;
No vivid colours paint the plain;
No more, with devious steps, I rove
Thro' verdant paths, now sought in vain.

Aloud the driving tempest roars;
 Congeal'd, impetuous show'rs descend;
 Haste, close the window, bar the doors;
 Fate leaves me Stella and a friend.

In Nature's aid, let art supply
 With light and heat my little sphere:
 Rouze, rouze the fire, and pile it high;
 Light up a constellation here.

Let Music sound the voice of joy,
 Or Mirth repeat the jocund tale;
 Let Love his wanton wiles employ,
 And o'er the season Wine prevail.

Yet Time life's dreary Winter brings,
 When Mirth's gay tale shall please no more;
 Nor Music charm---tho' Stella sings;
 Nor Love, nor Wine the Spring restore.

Catch then, O! catch the transient hour;
 Improve each moment as it flies;
 Life's a short Summer---man a flow'r!
 He dies---alas! how soon he dies!

CLXXXVII.

By Mr. Mallet.

If those, who live in shepherd's bow'r,
 Press not the rich and stately bed,
 The new-mown hay, and breathing flow'r
 A softer couch beneath them spread.

If those, who sit at shepherd's board,
Sooth not their taste by wanton art,
They take what Nature's gifts afford;
And take it with a cheerful heart.

CLXXXVIII.

THE CAPTIVE.

By Mrs. Johnson.

AT dawn of day, a farmer pass'd
Where deadly snares were set;
A lark, with piercing cries and throbs,
Was struggling in the net.

The flutt'ring pris'ner begg'd his life;
'Oh! pity me,' he said;
''Twould kill my harmless babes and wife,
To hear that I was dead.

'I hurt no creature; for the whole
Of birds will vouch for me;
Nor have thy rich possessions stol'n:
Let innocence be free.

'One grain, indeed, this fatal morn,
I took---'Twas all I did.
To die for one poor grain of corn,
Alas! kind Heav'n, forbid!

A red-breast, from a neighb'ring tree,
Beheld his captive state;
'Ah! cease thy piteous plaint,' said he,
'Nor hope to shun your fate.

' Poor bird! be sure thy death's decreed ;
No eloquence will do ;
For, ah ! the wretch, to whom you plead,
Is judge and jury too.'

His consort, then, in search of food,
Her helpless birds to rear,
Was picking, by the fatal spot,
Where lay her tangled dear.

With mournful and incessant screams,
She did for pity call ;
' Oh ! save him, save him !' was her cry,
Or take my life and all :

' For, when he's gone, who shall assist
To raise our callow young ?'---
To hear their simple, forrowing strain,
The farmer's heart was wrung.

Reflecting on their tender grief,
And touch'd by mercy's plea,
With ready hands he loos'd the string,
And set his pris'ner free.

The tuneful warbler, with his mate,
Enraptur'd, took the wing ;
And, while suspended in the air,
A song of thanks did sing.

The red-breast, seeing pity shewn,
Rejoicing, took his flight ;
Nor did the farmer's feeling heart
Experience less delight.

CLXXXIX.

MORNING.

By Mr. Waltwyn.

AURORA tips with gold the waving pine,
That from yon awful cliff o'erhangs the deep;
Her ringlets, grac'd with gems, on billows shine,
Whilst Night and Silence join'd to caverns creep.

The trees, at Zephyr's call, begin to play;
The birds, in matins join'd, their carols sing;
The fragrant blossoms incense in the day,
Whilst Nature's temple opens for her king.

The dews, with sweets befraught, kiss Ether's breast;
The mists the lakes---the clouds the mountains leave;
As if by Phœbus to be gaily drest,
And heav'nly gifts from Beauty's fount receive.

There fleeces, now refulgent, float around---
Adorning heav'n's high steep where walks the Sun;
There cherubs sit, their rolling spheres to sound---
According with the bliss of Day begun.

CXC.

By Dr. Goldsmith.

O MEMORY! thou fond deceiver,
Still importunate and vain,
To former joys recurring ever,
And turning all the past to pain!

Thou, like the world, th'opprest oppressing,
 Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe;
 And he who wants each other blessing,
 In thee must ever find a foe.

CXCI.

By Ben Jonson.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
 And I will pledge with mine;
 Or leave a kiss within the cup,
 And I'll not look for wine.
 The thirst that from my soul doth rise,
 Requires a drink divine;
 But might I of Jove's nectar sip,
 I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a roseate wreath;
 Not so much hon'ring thee,
 As giving it a hope, that there
 It would not wither'd be:
 But thou thereon didst only breathe,
 And sent it back to me;
 Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
 Not of itself, but thee.

CXCII.

By Mr. Pratt.

AH! Love, who bade me languish,
 No more let me endure;
 Cease, cease at length my anguish,
 Thou ow'st thy slave a cure.

Enough thy cruel arrows
Have sported with my heart ;
Enough its faithful sorrows
Have throbb'd in ev'ry part.

Then, God of all my anguish,
This single boon I claim ;
Now let me cease to languish,
Now strait subdue the flame.

Or if, still mark'd for bleeding,
Thy slave I must remain ;
Oh ! let the wound succeeding
Some worthier lover gain.

And Love, with this complying,
Again let me endure ;
Then keep thy victim fighting,
And never grant a cure.

CXCIII.

THE DISCONSOLATE.

As the Thames' silent stream mov'd slowly along,
And the winds whisper'd, solemn, the willows among,
On a green turf, complaining, a swain was reclin'd,
Who wept to the willows, and sigh'd with the wind.

' In vain,' he cries, ' Nature has granted the Spring ;
In vain bloom the vi'lets, the nightingales sing :
To a heart full of sorrow no scenes gay appear ;
Each zephyr's a sigh, and each dew-drop a tear.

' In vain my Zelinda hath beauty, to move
The fairest to envy, the wisest to love ;
Her beauty no more gives delight to mine eye,
Since without her to live is more pain than to die.

' Oh ! that Somnus his pinions would over me spread,
And paint her dear image, in dreams, in her stead !
The beautiful vision might soften my pain :
But sleep's a relief I solicit in vain.

' The wretch, then, like me, whose heart's loaded with care,
Is deluded by Hope, and undone by Despair :
His cares, ever waking, deny him repose,
And the moments but vary, to vary his woes.'

are,

C O N V I V I A L

A N D

B A C C H A N A L I A N.

X 2

IAL

I.

ANACREONTIC.

By Mr. O'Keeffe.

Flow, thou regal purple stream,
Tinted by the solar beam ;
In my goblet sparkling rise,
Cheer my heart, and glad my eyes :
My brain, ascend on Fancy's wing,
'Noint me, Wine, a jovial king.
While I live, I'll lave my clay ;
When I'm dead and gone away,
Let my thirsty subjects say,
' A month he reign'd, but that was May !'

II.

ANACREONTIC.

LET the schools about happiness warmly dispute,
And weary their sense in the ceaseless pursuit ;
In spite of their maxims, I dare to define
The grand summum bonum a bumper of wine.

'Tis the balsam specific that heals ev'ry sore ;
The oftner we taste it, we love it the more :
'Tis the cement of friendship, the opium of strife,
The plaister of sorrow, the cordial of life,

While thus we carouse it, the wheels of the soul
O'er Life's rugged highway agreeably roll;
Each thinks of his charmer, who never can cloy;
While Fancy rides post to the regions of Joy.

Then, he, who true happiness seeks to obtain,
Undaunted the pool of the goblet must drain;
For, he, who the courts of the goddesses would know,
Thro' Bacchus's vineyard-plantation must go.

III.

ANACREON ON HIMSELF.

By the Rev. Mr. Fawkes.

WHEN I drain the rosy bowl,
Joy exhilarates my soul;
To the Nine I raise my song,
Ever fair, and ever young.
When full cups my cares expel,
Sober counsels then farewell;
Let the winds, that murmur, sweep
All my sorrows to the deep.

When I drink dull time away,
Jolly Bacchus, ever gay,
Leads me to delightful bow'rs,
Full of fragrance, full of flow'rs.
When I quaff the sparkling wine,
And my locks with roses twine,
Then I praise life's rural scene,
Sweet, sequester'd, and serene.

When I drink the bowl profound,
 Richest fragrance flowing round,
 And some lovely nymph detain,
 Venus then inspires the strain.
 When from goblets deep and wide
 I exhaust the gen'rous tide,
 All my soul unbends---I play,
 Gamesome, with the young and gay.

IV.

ANACREONTIC.

By Mr. Cobbe.

THO' I can't walk quite straight,
 And in figures of eight,
 Still circling my legs do their duty;
 You'll always observe,
 That a regular curve
 Is reckon'd the true line of beauty.
 Of Orpheus they tell,
 (He who fiddled so well)
 That his notes made hills, rocks, and trees caper;
 So can I, in my way,
 When a solo I play,
 Make them dance full as well as that scraper.

Tho' at first, on a survey,
 Things seem topsy-turvy,
 When you're us'd to't, they don't look so frightful;
 Still they move more or less,
 And good judges confess,
 Moving prospects are always delightful.

The world's circular motion
I'm sure's no false notion ;
For, tho' sober I ne'er could believe it,
Truth in wine, boys, is found ;
Now I see it turns round ;
He that's drunk can most plainly perceive it.

V.

THE COMFORTS OF THE SEASONS.

By the late Dr. Stanley.

IN Summer's cool breeze how delightful to sit !
In Winter, how gay, when a few friends are met !
In Autumn, ripe fruits may our palates regale ;
In Spring, we delight in the blossoming vale.
Each season has blessings and pleasures in store :
Be content, and be happy, and ask for no more.
To know the best season to laugh, drink, and sing,
Is Summer, is Winter, is Autumn, is Spring.

VI.

By Dr. Dalton.

PREACH not to me your musty rules,
Ye drones, that mould in idle cell ;
The heart is wiser than the schools ;
The senses always reason well.

If short my span, I less can spare
 To pass a single pleasure by ;
 An hour is long, if lost in care ;
 They only live, who life enjoy.

VII.

By Capt. Morris.

THOUGH Bacchus may boast of his care-killing bowl,
 And Folly in thought-drowning revels delight ;
 Such worship, alas ! hath no charms for the foul,
 When softer devotions the senses invite.

To the arrow of Fate, or the canker of Care,
 His potions oblivious a balm may bestow ;
 But, to Fancy that feeds on the charms of the Fair,
 The death of Reflection's the birth of all Woe.

What soul that's possess'd of a dream so divine,
 With riot would bid the sweet vision begone ?
 For the tear that bedews Sensibility's shrine,
 Is a drop of more worth than all Bacchus's tun.

The tender excess, that enamours the heart,
 To few is imparted, to millions deny'd :
 'Tis the brain of the victim that tempers the dart,
 And fools jest at that for which sages have dy'd.

Each change and excess hath thro' life been my doom,
 And well can I speak of its joy and its strife ;
 The bottle affords us a glimpse thro' the gloom,
 But love's the true sunshine that gladdens our life.

Come then, rosy Venus, and spread o'er my sight
The magic illusions that ravish the soul !
Awake in my breast the soft dream of delight,
And drop from thy myrtle one leaf in my bowl !

Then deep will I drink of the nectar divine,
Nor e'er, jolly God ! from thy banquet remove ;
But each tube of my heart ever thirst for the wine,
That's mellow'd by friendship, and sweeten'd by love.

VIII.

THE POWER OF WINE.

IN vain whining lovers their Cupid shall prize,
And boast that his Godship's deriv'd from the skies :
Tho' divine was the birth of the young God of Love,
Our Bacchus, we know, was the son of great Jove :
Let us number Love's vot'ries, I think we can prove,
That, tho' all the world drink, 'tis not all the world love.

When malicious young Cupid o'erwhelms us with grief,
In the comforts of Bacchus we find sure relief :
Tho' Chloe, disdainful, deny you her charms,
When glowing with rapture you rush to her arms,
Pay your court to a bumper, and there you will find
A gay smiling mistress eternally kind.

Nay, when chilling Age, like bleak Winter, comes on,
And the sunshine of Beauty and Love shall be gone,
Still constant your bumper will smile to the end,
And supply both the places of mistress and friend.
Let us number Love's vot'ries, I think we can prove,
That, tho' all the world drink, 'tis not all the world love.

IX.

THE VIRTUES OF WINE.

BETTER our heads than hearts should ach;
Love's childish empire we despise:
Good wine of him a slave can make,
And force a lover to be wife.

Wine sweetens all the cares of peace,
And takes the terror off from war;
To love's affliction it gives ease,
And to our joys does best prepare.

Better our heads than hearts should ach;
Love's childish empire we despise:
Good wine of him a slave can make,
And force a lover to be wife.

X.

THE EXCUSE.

UPBRAID me not, capricious Fair,
With drinking to excess;
I should not want to drown despair,
Were your indiff'rence less.

Love me, my dear, and you shall find,
When this excuse is gone,
That all my bliss, when Chloe's kind,
Is fix'd on her alone.

The God of Wine the victory
To Beauty yields with joy ;
For Bacchus only drinks like me,
When Ariadne's coy.

XI.

By George Keate, Esq.

GLOOMY Care can ne'er controul
Joys that wait the temp'rate bowl :
Welcome all its pure delights ;
Blameless days, and peaceful nights.

In our cup her radiant wings
Fancy dips, and brighter springs :
To her the pow'r is giv'n
To soar beyond the pride of kings,
And form on ev'ry spot a heav'n.

XII.

ANACREONTIC.

GRIEF, thy tyrant reign is o'er,
Now I tread my native shore !
Mirth, fair Freedom's sister-guest,
Shall impart her choicest zest
To each flask of gen'rous wine,
Gaily offer'd at her shrine :
See the sparkling glafs go round ;
Care, avaunt ! 'tis hallow'd ground.

XIII.

By G. A. Stevens.

WHEN Bacchus, the patron of love, wit, and mirth,
 With vineyards had planted the face of the earth,
 Tho' nations turn'd rebels, and broke from his fway,
 Some, drunk with his bounty, deny'd to obey.

Derry down, &c.

He harness'd his tygers, he marshall'd his force ;
 Silenus was futler, Lord Pan led the horse :
 The Ganges they pass'd, came in sight of the foe,
 And struck them all dead without striking a blow.

Derry down, &c.

'Twas Pan did the feat, put their troops in a fright,
 For he slyly stole into their camp over night ;
 And while they were sleeping, not dreaming such matter,
 He drew off their wine, fill'd their flasks up with water.

Derry down, &c.

Next morn when they 'woke, and their bottles pull'd out,
 The first gulp they took put them all to the rout ;
 They trembled from monarch to th' meanest mechanic ;
 From whence comes the phrase, to put men in a panic.

Derry down, &c.

Ye heroes of Europe, whose martial parade
 Attracts the soft sense of each dress-tempted maid,
 Well judge of this scheme, and impartial declare,
 Could you with mere water march fearless to war ?

Derry down, &c.

The buck of the Greeks, Alexander by name,
As much by his drinking as fighting got fame :
He was sure of the victory, lads, you must think,
Who drank but to conquer, and conquer'd to drink.

Derry down, &c.

By foul pale-fac'd villains, who only drank water,
Great Cæsar was dragg'd to the senate-house slaughter :
Had they drank what they ought, they'd have dropt their design,

And no more spilt his blood, than we bucks spill our wine.

Derry down, &c.

'Tis by maxims more noble we nourish our youth ;
Kept constant to claret, they're constant to truth :
On the virtues of wine we may safely depend ;
He who sticks to his bottle, will stick to his friend.

Derry down, &c.

'Tis wine (like the Sun) that invigorates our hours,
Wine blooms our complexions, as Sol blooms the flow'rs ;
And as birds grateful sing, when he spreads his bright rays,
So we bucks, in full chorus, chaunt bright claret's praise.

Derry down, &c.

Each rose, when the Sun's from the hemisphere fled,
Shuts his leaves, dewy weeps, and hangs heavy his head :
When his wine's gone, each buck thus as sad will become,
Folds his arms, gives a sigh, hides his head, and sculks home.

Derry down, &c.

XIV.

THE GIFT OF THE GODS.

WHEN Freedom was banish'd from Greece and from Rome,
 And wander'd neglected in search of a home,
 Jove, willing to fix her where long she might stand,
 Turn'd the globe round about to examine each land;
 With nice circumspection he view'd the whole ball,
 And weigh'd in his balance the merit of all;
 Then quickly determin'd, that England alone
 Was the spot well adapted for Liberty's throne.

Gay Momus insisted, no place was more fit
 Than the island of Freedom for true attic wit;
 And Venus confess'd, if 'twere pleasing to Jove,
 She wou'd wish to make England the empire of Love;
 Then Mars nobly stept from his mistress's side,
 And swore that the Britons in arms should preside;
 While Bacchus declar'd, that each heart-cheering juice
 For the use of brave Englishmen he would produce.

To render complete all the blessings now past,
 And provide that they might to eternity last,
 'Twas resolv'd that a toast should that instant be giv'n,
 And drank in full bumpers of nectar thro' heav'n;
 The toast of the gods was, and mark it, ye free---
 ' May Britons with Britons for ever agree !'
 By their enemies then they shall always be fear'd,
 And with wine, wit, and women, incessantly cheer'd.

XV.

By the late Lord Eglintoun.

TO-DAY let us never be slaves,
 Nor the fate of to-morrow inquire :
 All wizards and gypsies are knaves ;
 And the Devil, you know, is a liar.
 Then take off a bumper while you may ;
 Let us drink, and sing, till our hairs grow gray.
 He's a fool, he's an ass,
 That will balk a full glass,
 For fear of another day.

XVI.

ANACREONTIC.

WHILE others barter ease for state,
 And fondly aim at growing great,
 Let me (with rosy chaplets crown'd)
 Stretch'd on the flow'r-enamell'd ground,
 The grape's nectareous juices quaff,
 Alternate sing, and love, and laugh.
 Already see the purple juice
 Resplendent o'er my cheek diffuse
 A second youth !---Again the bowl
 With warm desires inflames my soul.

Quickly, ah ! quickly must I leave
 The joys which wine and beauty give ;
 Soon must I quit my wonted mirth,
 And mingle with my parent earth ;
 Where kings, divested of their state,
 With slaves sustain a common fate.

Let then the present hour be mine,
 Blest in the joys of love and wine :
 Come, ye virgin throng, advance,
 And mingle in the sprightly dance :
 To the lyre's enchanting sound
 Nimbly tread the blithsome round ;
 While the genial bowl inspires
 Soft delight, and gay desires.

XVII.

By R. B. Sheridan, Esq.

A BUMPER of good liquor
 Will end a contest quicker
 Than justice, judge, or vicar,
 So fill a cheerful glass.

So fill, &c.

But, if more deep the quarrel,
 Why sooner drain the barrel,
 Than be that hateful fellow,
 That's crabbed when he's mellow.

Why sooner, &c.

XVIII.

WINE THE SOURCE OF CONTENT.

YOU know that our ancient philosophers hold,
 There is nothing in beauty, or honour, or gold ;
 That bliss in externals no mortal can find :
 And in truth, my good friends, I am quite of their mind.

What makes a man happy I never can doubt ;
'Tis something within him, and nothing without.
This something, they say, was the source of content ;
And, whatever they call'd it, 'twas wine that they meant.

Without us, indeed, it is not worth a pin ;
But, ye Gods ! how divine, if ye get it within !
'Tis then of all blessings the flourishing root ;
And, in spite of the world, we can gather the fruit.

When the bottle is wanting, the soul is depress'd,
And beauty can kindle no flame in the breast ;
But, with wine at our hearts, we are always in love ;
We can sing like the linnet, and bill like the dove.

The richest and greatest are poor, and repine,
If with gold and with grandeur you give them no wine ;
But, wine to the peasant or slave if you bring,
He's as rich as a Jew, and as great as a king.

With wine at my heart I am happy and free ;
Externals without it are nothing to me.
Come, fill ; and this truth from a bumper you'll know :---
That wine, wine alone, is our blessing below.

XIX.

By Mr. Dent.

PHYSICIANS may talk of our ills,
And parsons look wonderous grave ;
I hate all their sermons and pills,
Design'd for the fool and the knave.

Then each take his glass,
 Fill'd up to the brim;
 And toast the dear lass
 Intended for him,

For never did Bacchus of old
 Repent of his quaffing good wine;
 Nor Momus (for so we are told)
 At mirth or good-humour repine.
 Then each, &c.

Dull souls the best liquor decline,
 And think they're undone if they taste;
 While we, my boys, live on good wine,
 And think we're undone if we waste.
 Then each, &c.

 XX.

WINE A REFUGE FROM CARE.

SINCE of life we hold a span,
 What can Nature give to man
 Better than a flowing bowl?
 Sparkling with the luscious spoil
 Of the vintage-ripen'd toil;
 Sight reviving to the soul.

Love's a light fantastic god,
 Full of vain chimeras odd:
 Bacchus, I thy shrine adore!
 Golden riches let me 'scape,
 For the ripen'd purple grape:
 Give me that, I ask no more.

Fill my glaſs up to the brim;
 In it ev'ry pleaſure ſwim:
 Let me gulp it, gulp it down:
 Then I'll be a match for Care,
 Take what ſhape he will or dare;
 Beauty, honour, or a crown.

 'Twixt me and the dreary grave,
 Not one ſingle frown I'll have,
 Daddy Time, as thou ſhalt ſee:
 But, when call'd by gentle Fate,
 Be it ſoon, or be it late,
 Laughing I'll reel home with thee.

XXI.

THE PRAISE OF ALE.

By L. Macnally, Eſq.

WHEN the chill Sirocco blows,
 And Winter tells a heavy tale,
 When pies, and daws, and rooks, and crows,
 Do ſit and curſe the froſts and ſnows,
 Then give me ale.

Ale in a Saxon rumkin then,
 Such as will make Grimalkin prate,
 Bids valour burgeon in tall men,
 Quickens the poet's wit and pen,
 Deſpifes Fate.

Ale, that the abſent battle fights,
 And forms the march of Swediſh drum,
 Diſputes with princes, laws and rights,
 What's done and paſt tells mortal wights,
 And what's to come.

Ale, that the plowman's heart upkeeps,
 And equals it to tyrants' thrones,
 That wipes the eye that over-weeps,
 And lulls in sweet and dainty sleeps
 The o'er-wearied bones.

Grand child of Ceres, Bacchus' daughter,
 Wine's emulous neighbour if but stale,
 Ennobling all the nymphs of water,
 And filling each man's heart with laughter,
 Oh ! give me ale.

XXII.

TO MIRTH.

HENCE, far hence, corroding Care,
 Envy foul, and black Despair !
 Hence be banish'd ev'ry Pain,
 Looks demure, and cold Disdain !

Welcome Mirth, and festive Song,
 Welcome all thy jocund throng !
 Be thou, and only thou, our guide ;
 Ev'ry gloomy thought deride.

Blithsome let us sing, and play,
 All the gladfome live-long day :
 Life was form'd for joy and love,
 Emblem of the state above.

Fill, then, fill the flowing glass ;
 Cheerful let the goblet pass :
 While the sprightly health goes round,
 Let the jovial rebeccs found.

Happy, truly happy he,
 Ever tranquil, ever free,
 Who enjoys a state so blest,
 By nor cares or fears distressed.

XXIII.

THE CONVIVIAL POET.

By Mr. O'Keeffe.

LORD! Lord! without victuals and drink,
 We Poets must give up each strain;
 They help us poor devils to think,
 And thrash with more vigour our brain.
 Without victuals and drink, Lord! the world were undone:
 'Tis the soul of the world---'tis the sine qua non.

The Soldier, 'midst battle's alarms,
 Without them could ill face his foe;
 So faint would he handle his arms,
 And draw with such weakness his bow.
 Without victuals, &c.

What would Ladies and Gentlemen do,
 That say such fine things to each other?
 They would never be able to coo;
 They would never be father and mother.
 Without victuals, &c.

Then hey for good victuals and drink;
 Who is there that would not carouse?
 Whoever he may be, I think,
 He's not to be found in this house.
 Without victuals, &c.

XXIV.

By Tom Brown.

WINE, wine in a morning
Makes us frolic and gay,
That like eagles we soar,
In the pride of the day ;
Gouty fots of the night
Only find a decay.

'Tis the Sun ripens the grape,
And to drinking gives light :
We imitate him,
When by noon we're at height ;
They steal wine, who take it
When he's out of sight.

Boy, fill all the glasses,
Fill them up now he shines :
The higher he rises,
The more he refines ;
For wine and wit fall
As their maker declines.

XXV.

By Chase Price.

ROUND Arthur's gay table some love to be gambling,
Squand'ring their cash at their creditors' cost ;
While some to the plains of Newmarket love rambling,
Blund'ring too oft the wrong side the post :
But pleasure inviting, and women delighting,
My spirits exhale, and enrapture me most.

With these ev'ry vapour I chase,
Rejecting the fiend of Despair,
Look Poverty full in the face,
And kick up the crutches of Care.

Ye formal, methodical sons of sobriety,
Phlegmatic and cold, to festivity coy,
Who ne'er knew the pleasures of mirthful society,
Whose larum of life seldom wakes into joy ;
Adieu to such notions ! for Bacchus's potions,
Inspiring good humour, far better I prize :
Go preach your dull maxims elsewhere,
Shake your noddles, and seem to look wise ;
To me your dull precepts forbear ;
Believe me, your cant I despise.

What Pope has ascrib'd to the fountain poetical,
Holds good with respect to the grape's purple stream ;
Maintain it I will against all that are critical,
However absurd the maxims may seem.
With draughts that are shallow the head's over mellow,
Then snap goes the axis that holds up the brain :
But drinking large bumpers inspires
The animal flow of each vein ;
Rekindles the soul's dying fires,
And makes us all sober again.

Then take off your bumpers, you sons of virility,
So shall ye triumph o'er Bacchus's tun :
Be merry, my boys, and enjoy risibility ;
Happiness rises from laughter and fun.
To make the glass sweeter, our pleasures completer,
Dear Woman steps in with a look debonair ;

She the waste of Love's ledger repairs,
 She makes herself kind as she's fair :
 Her hand most good-natur'dly tears
 Ev'ry leaf from the volume of Care.

XXVI.

In the Opera of The Rose.

If, to set off pretty faces,
 Women artful patches lack,
 Pimples sure are no disgraces ;
 Why not red, as well as black ?
 View the Sun that quaffs the ocean,
 Like a water-drinking sot ;
 Never could his sober potion
 Make him shine without a spot.

XXVII.

THE HEARTY FELLOW.

'Tis I that all my cares suspend,
 With a bottle and a friend ;
 Drinking, quaffing,
 Singing, laughing,
 Hearty fellows joining round,
 Ev'ry happy wish is crown'd.

Bacchus planted first the vine,
 Source of ev'ry joy divine ;
 Mirth inspiring,
 All admiring,
 While the happy theme's in view,
 Brother toppers, let's pursue.

Tossing off the cheerful glafs,
 To some kind and fav'rite las,
 Rapture joining,
 Past divining,
 Care and trouble we destroy,
 Pleasure is our whole employ.

XXVIII.

By Ben Jonson.

LET soldiers fight for pay and praise,
 And money be the miser's wish;
 Poor scholars study all their days,
 And gluttons glory in their dish:
 'Tis wine, pure wine revives sad souls,
 Therefore give me the cheering bowls.

Let minions marshal in their hair,
 And in a lover's lock delight,
 And artificial colours wear;
 We have the native red and white.
 'Tis wine, &c.

Your pheasant pout, and culver salmon,
 And how to please your palates think;
 Give us a salt Westphalia gammon,
 Not meat to eat, but meat to drink.
 'Tis wine, &c.

It makes the backward spirits brave,
 That lively that before was dull ;
 Those grow good fellows that are grave,
 And kindness flows from cups brim-full.
 'Tis wine, &c.

Some have the phthific, some the rheum,
 Some have the palsy, some the gout ;
 Some swell with fat, and some consume,
 But they are found that drink all out.
 'Tis wine, &c.

Some men want youth, and some want health,
 Some want a wife, and some a punk,
 Some men want wit, and some want wealth ;
 But he wants nothing that is drunk.
 'Tis wine, &c.

XXIX.

WINE THE ONLY CERTAIN GOOD,

WHAT is there in this foolish life,
 For which we vainly hope,
 That mortal wights can call their own ?
 Riches are on a sudden flown,
 And e'en our wives elope.

We cannot find that fought-for stone,
 Nor yet life's grand elixir ;
 Beauty is frail ; and, as for Fame,
 She's grown so slippery a dame,
 No soul on earth can fix her.

Health is unwilling long to stay,
And quacks themselves grow sick ;
Honours but small distinctions make ;
What odds, when footmen drink and rake,
And nobles run a tick ?

Some tell you, wise and virtuous souls
Have th' only certain good ;
But, spite of philosophic rules,
Old age and crosses make us fools,
Temptations make us lewd.

Nay, when thou seest the blushing wine
Red sparkling in thy hand,
'Thou'lt think, ' At least, this liquor's mine ;
Though all the envious pow'rs combine,
Yet this I dare command.'

But ah ! a thousand things fall out
Betwixt the lip and cup ;
With caution put the glass about,
The coming pledge hangs still in doubt,
Till you have drank it up.

But when, delicious through the throat,
We feel the stream run down,
We've found the mighty thing we sought ;
That's our's indeed ; that, that dear draught
We justly call our own.

XXX.

THE BACCHANALIAN'S WISH.

GIVE me but a friend and a glass, boys,
 I'll show ye what 'tis to be gay,
 I'll not care a fig for a lass, boys,
 Nor love my brisk youth away :
 Give me but an honest fellow,
 That's pleasanter when he's mellow,
 We'll live twenty-four hours a day.

'Tis woman in chains does bind, boys,
 But 'tis wine that makes us free ;
 'Tis woman that makes us blind, 'boys,
 But wine makes us doubly see.
 The female is true to no man,
 Deceit is inherent to woman,
 But none in a brimmer can be.

XXXI.

CHIRON TO ACHILLES.

OLD Chiron thus preach'd to his pupil Achilles :
 ' I'll tell you, young gentleman, what the Fates' will is :
 You, my boy,
 Must go
 (The Gods will have it so)
 To the siege of Troy ;
 Thence never to return to Greece again,
 But before those walls to be slain.

Ne'er let your noble courage be cast down ;
But, all the while you lie before the town,
Drink, and drive care away ; drink, and be merry ;
You'll ne'er go the sooner to the Stygian ferry.'

XXXII.

By Harry Carey.

CUPID no more shall give me grief,
Or anxious cares oppress my soul ;
While gen'rous Bacchus brings relief,
And drowns 'em in a flowing bowl.

Cælia, thy scorn I now despise,
Thy boasted empire I disown ;
This takes the brightness from thy eyes,
And makes it sparkle in my own.

XXXIII.

THE FROLICKSOME FELLOW.

By Mr. O'Keeffe.

IN London my life is a ring of delight,
In frolicks I keep up the day and the night ;
I snooze at the Hummums till twelve, perhaps later,
I rattle the bell, and I roar up the waiter :
'Your honour,' says he, and tips me a leg,
He brings me my tea, but I swallow an egg ;
For tea in the morning's a flop I renounce,
So I down with a glass of the right cherry-bounce.

With fwearing, tearing,
 Ranting, jaunting,
 Slashing, smafhing,
 Smacking, cracking,
 Rumbling, tumbling;
 Laughing, quaffing,
 Smoking, joking,
 Swaggering, staggering;

So thoughtlefs, fo knowing, fo green, and fo mellow;
 Thus, this is the life of a frolicksome fellow.

My phaeton I mount, and the plebs they all stare,
 I handle my reins, and my elbows I fquare;
 My ponies fo plump, and as white as a lily,
 Through Pall Mall I fpank it, and up Piccadilly;
 Till lofing a wheel, egad down came I fmack,
 So at Knightsbridge I throw myself into a hack;
 At Tatterfall's fling a leg over my nag,
 Thus vifit for dinner, then drefs in a bag.

With fwearing, &c.

I roll round the Garden, and call at the Rose,
 And then at both Playhoufes pop in my nofe;
 I lounge in the Lobby, laugh, fwear, flidé, and fwagger,
 Talk loud, take my money, and out again stagger.
 I meet at the Shakefpeare a good-natur'd foul,
 Then down to our Club, at St. James's, I roll;
 The joys of the night are a thoufand at play,
 And thus at the finifh begin the next day.

With fwearing, &c.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

** * The Publisher requests, that this Volume may not be bound till
 the Second Volume is printed.*

I N D E X

T O T H E

F I R S T V O L U M E.

A

AH hills belov'd! where once an happy child	Page 2
Ah! silly elf, that rose to sip	5
And must I ever vent my sighs in air	8
As near a weeping spring reclin'd	12
Adieu to the village delights	20
Adieu, ye streams that smoothly flow	55
Aspasia rolls her sparkling eye	62
As erst to Damon's sacred shade	71
Auspicious spirits, guard my love	73
Ah! why must words my flame reveal	74
Almeria's face, her shape, her air	83
As down on Banna's banks I stray'd, one evening in May	97
All in the downs the fleet was moor'd	110
At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still	134
At dawn of day, a farmer pass'd	149
Aurora tips with gold the waving pine	151
Ah! Love, who bade me languish	152
As the Thames' silent stream mov'd slowly along	153
A bumper of good liquor	168

I N D E X.

B

Blest as th' immortal gods is he	42
Blow, blow, thou Summer's breeze	56
Bright the sky, and calm the ocean	109
Bright gems, that twinkle from afar	144
Better our heads than hearts should ach	162

C

Come, gentle god of soft repose	64
Come, sing round my fav'rite tree	84
Clad in autumnal gold the forest shines	137
Cupid no more shall give me grief	181

D

Dejected as true converts die	61
Dans votre lit, that bright parterre	77
Doom'd by my fortune's sickle star	132
Drink to me only with thine eyes	152

E

Enchanting Harmonist! the art is thine	59
Encompas'd in an angel's frame	73
Ev'n in the early hours of new-born love	136

F

For me my Fair a wreath has wove	5
For tenderness framed, in life's earliest day	26
From these dread walls, this melancholy tow'r	31
From place to place, forlorn I go	70
From her, alas! whose smile was love	78
Fair morn appears: soft zephyr's wing	80
For you, dearest maiden, the pride of the village	108
Fled each bright form, and hush'd each tuneful sound	116
For ever, O merciless Fair	127
Flow, thou regal purple stream	156

G

Go, gentle Spirit, now supremely blest	47
Go tell Amynta, gentle swain	71
Go, cruel tyrant of the human breast	96
Go, tuneful bird, that glad'st the skies	97
Gloomy Care can ne'er controul	163
Grief, thy tyrant reign is o'er	163
Give me but a friend and a glass, boys	180

I N D E X.

H

Her mouth, with a smile	3
Hope, thou source of ev'ry blessing	13
How pleas'd, within my native bow'rs	17
How can the Muses lend their happy aid	25
Horace may his bright Lydia toast	41
Hard is the fate of him who loves	68
How wretched the maiden who loves	85
How can man such pleasure find	95
How sweet, how kind, the joyful hours	95
Had I a heart for falsehood fram'd	101
How hard our hapless lot appears	104
How gentle was my Damon's air	106
Here by thy midnight beams I love to stray	120
Happy, harmless, rural pair	125
Hark, the merry horns resounding	144
Hence, far hence, corroding Care	172

I

Indulgent pow'rs, if ever	27
I sigh, and lament me in vain	33
If Truth can fix thy wav'ring heart	102
In a vale fring'd with woodlands, where grottos abound	139
If those who live in shepherd's bow'r	148
In Summer's cool breeze how delightful to sit	159
In vain whining lovers their Cupid shall prize	161
If, to set off pretty faces	176
In London my life is a ring of delight	181

L

Let me wander, not unseen	38
Let Beauty with the Sun arise	66
Look round, my Love! how chang'd the scene	77
Let me live remov'd from noise	85
Love leads us to lab'rins of woe	94
Love's a gentle, gen'rous passion	105
Let Wisdom boast her mighty pow'r	115
Let the schools about happiness warmly dispute	116
Lord! Lord! without victuals and drink	173
Let soldiers fight for pay and praise	177

I N D E X.

M

My blifs too long my bride denies	6
My Delia was all my delight	76
My days have been fo wondrous free	107
My banks are all furnifh'd with bees	113
Make there my tomb beneath the lime-tree's fhade	118

N

No more the feftive train I'll join	18
Near a fmoth river's lonely fide	43
No, no; 'tis in vain in this turbulent town	51
Not, Cælia, that I jufter am	60
Not the foft fighs of vernal gales	81
Nay, hide that tear, my faithful love	122
No more the morn, with tepid rays	147

O

On thy banks, gentle Stour, when I breath'd the foft flute	31
O Nancy, wilt thou go with me	50
O foft Remembrance! airy fprite	52
On Pleafure's fmoth wings how old Time fleals away	58
O thou, whole love-infpiring air	63
Oh! Fancy, thou, whole magic power	75
O Hope! thou foother fweet of human woes	80
O ling'ring Time, O with us flay	84
O forbear to bid me flight her	89
O Solitude, to thy fequefter'd cell	98
Of love, fweet love, I've oft been told	99
Oh! how fhall I, in language weak	110
O ye, who bathe in courtly blifs	117
O ceafe to mourn, unhappy youth	128
On that lone bank where Lubin died	129
One April evening, when the Sun	129
O for Oblivion's friendly draught, to heal	139
O let me haunt this peaceful fhade	142
O Phœbus! down the Western fky	146
O Memory! thou fond deceiver	151
Old Chiron thus preach'd to his pupil Achilles	180

P

Poor melancholy bird, that all night long	1
Prepar'd to rail, refolv'd to part	46

I N D E X.

Perhaps it is not love, said I	52
Preach not to me your musty rules	159
Physicians may talk of our ills	169

Q

Queen of the silver bow, by thy pale beam	93
---	----

R

Rest, beauteous flow'r, and bloom anew	17
Resolv'd, as her poet, of Celia to sing	100
Round Arthur's gay table some love to be gambling	174

S

Sweet Echo! sweetest nymph! that liv'st unseen	27
She came from the hills of the west	28
Sweet tyrant Love, but hear me now	30
Soft invader of my soul	40
Sweet rosy Sleep, O do not fly	60
Say, Mira, why is gentle Love	66
Sportive Genius of the Green	82
Search all the wide creation round	89
Say, lonely maid with downcast eyes	92
Sure 'twould make a dismal story	106
See, Flavia, see that budding rose	141
Survey, my Fair! that lucid stream	143
Sweet, melancholy bird, again	145
Since of life we hold a span	170

T

The northern blast, that chilling blows	1
The moon had climb'd the highest hill	4
To keep my gentle Jeffy	12
Time has not thinn'd my flowing hair	15
The noon-tide sun the fields had gilded o'er	22
The heavy hours are almost past	29
The garlands fade, that Spring so lately wove	32
The pride of ev'ry grove I chose	33
Thy fatal shafts unerring move	48
There is one dark and fullen hour	49
'Tis not the liquid brightness of those eyes	53
'Tis yours to possess, if you practise no harm	55
The wretch condemn'd with life to part	57

I N D E X,

The merchant, to secure his treasure	64
The Persians stretch their votive arms	65
The sleepless bird from eve to morn	68
Though, as a shield against surprise	69
The tuneful birds, how sweet they sing	76
To fair Fidele's grassy tomb	86
Think not, my love, when secret grief	91
Take, O take those lips away	91
To ease my heart, I own'd my flame	93
The virgin, when soften'd by May	103
The meadows look cheerful, the birds sweetly sing	108
The silver moon's enamour'd beam	112
The gentle swan, with graceful pride	116
Thou' told'st me, dear perfidious maid	120
The swallows, in their torpid state	121
The rising sun, thro' all the grove	123
The bells they rang all in the morn	124
The virgin lily of the night	134
The Spring with smiling face is seen	135
Tho' I can't walk quite straight	158
Tho' Bacchus may boast of his care-killing bowl	160
To-day let us never be slaves	167
'Tis I that all my cares suspend	176

U

Upbraid me not, capricious fair	162
---------------------------------	-----

W

Where weeping yews and nodding cypress wave	3
Welcome to the new-born year	7
When gentle Celia first I knew	14
Where the fond zephyr thro' the woodbine plays	16
With the sun I rise at morn	19
Where the light cannot pierce, in a grove of tall trees	21
When once I with Phillida stray'd	24
When Werter fair Charlotte beheld	34
Who to my wounds a balm advises	35
When western breezes fan the shore	36
What cheerful sounds salute our ears	38
Wak'd by the breath of Spring, in ev'ry vale	40
When first upon your tender cheek	44
When Sappho tun'd the raptur'd strain	45

I N D E X.

While on my head kind Fortune deign'd to pour	47
While, prest with woes, from which it cannot flee	48
When first this humble roof I knew	54
Where now are all my flatt'ring dreams	67
When clouds that angel face deform	70
While from my looks, fair nymph, you guess	79
When fair Serena first I knew	87
Who'll buy a heart? Myrtilla cries	88
When Damon languish'd at my feet	90
When Beauty's smiling queen alone	96
What means that downcast look, my dear	105
Why heaves my fond bosom? ah! what can it mean?	109
When Fanny I saw, as she tripp'd o'er the green	114
While these close walls her beauties hide	119
When first the East begins to dawn	126
Why will the Muse with pining Sorrow dwell	132
When I drain the rosy bowl	157
When Bacchus, the patron of love, wit, and mirth	164
When Freedom was banish'd from Greece and from Rome	166
While others barter ease for state	167
When the chill Sirocco blows	171
Wine, wine in a morning	174
What is there in this foolish life	178

Y

Yet awhile, sweet Sleep, deceive me	2
Ye rivers, so limpid and clear	10
Ye nymphs and swains, that sweetly play	37
Ye southern gales, that ever fly	39
Young Cupid is with me wherever I go	132
Ye open foes of Love's bewitching art	138
Ye birds, for whom I rear'd the grove	140
You know that our ancient philosophers hold	162



